

John Jamieson & A 1778.

COLLECTION
OF
SCOTS POEMS
ON
SEVERAL OCCASIONS,

By the late
Mr ALEXANDER PENNECUK, Gent.
and OTHERS.

Of all the ways that wisest men could find,
To mend the age, and mortify mankind ;
Satyr well wrote has most successful prov'd,
And cures, because the remedy is lov'd.

E. of Rosc.

EDINBURGH:

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SCOTS POEMS, &c.

THE EDINBURGH CUCKOLDS.

Ungrateful wretch who never thanks his MAKER.
E. of ROCH.

THE Pow'rs above on fair Britannia smile,
Her hymning guards still watch our happy isle.
Malignant planets, pestilential air,
Which reign abroad, dare shade no venom here,
Phœbus bright charioteer, in's daily race,
Scorches some nations with his fiery face ;
Whilst others freeze, and feel no genial heat ;
He looks a-squint upon the Muscovite ;
But Caledonia has a blessed lot,
Our winter's not too cold, nor summer vi'lent hot :
The sun with pleasure doth on Britain smile,
And gently warms, but doth not burn our isle :
The sea salutes our shores, yet dare not touch
Our buildings, and destroy them like the Dutch.
They battle with the sea, and steal some sand,
Proud Hoggan Mogan wou'd her waves command,
And rather hazard for to drown, than dwell on God's
dry land.

Britons are happy in their native soil,
So rich, 'tis cultivate with little toil ;
Produces all things which can nature please,
And luxury's supported by the seas.

The hardy Britons are a martial race,
Nature hath stamp'd true valour on their face,
Nature their face, and art their head adorns,
All men have ears, but they—have ears and horns,
Their feeble foes are couchant like an afs,
When they see horns upon a brow of brass.

Wild savages who in the forest roam,
By strength of horns their enemies o'ercome.
Horn'd heads do far excel the head that's bare;
Stout is the bull, but weak the tim'rous hare.
By instinct brutes adore these nobly born,
They kneel before the mungrel unicorn.

Thus Horns were reverenc'd in ancient times,
A safe asylum 'gainst the greatest crimes.
Ev'n rebels, who by law deserv'd a halter,
Were safe within the horns of the altar.
Horns were too potent for their greatest foe;
'Twas they o'erthrew the walls of Jericho.
Israel's great king, who sung with heavenly fire,
Pray'd that his horns might be exalted higher:
Which by the Dutch divines is well express'd,
"May I reign King of Cuckolds o'er the rest."

O Cuckold, I revere thy awful name,
Thou art our greatest glory, not our shame;
As if the church's promise were thy own,
Oft have crown'd heads thy nursing fathers grown.
Thy royal foes have been but very few;
For queens have prov'd thy nursing mothers too.

Fam'd Emperors of Rome, Sophis of Greece,
Knights of the Holy Ghost, and golden fleece,
Great monarchs of the world in ev'ry age,
Upon their heads have worn thy sacred badge.
Even Jews, who loth'd the King was crown'd with thorns,
Tamely submit to kings—who're crown'd with horns.
Th' apostles law, Obey the higher powers,
Bids us, O Cuckolds, fear these horns of yours.

Strange animal, amphibious and odd!
A perfect man, yet not the work of God.
Not by his fire begot, but by another;
His own flesh brought him forth, and not his mother.
He differs from all creatures in the nation,
In that he's angry at his own creation.

On sov'reign heads a diadem is plac'd,
With splendid horns the Cuckold's pate is grac'd.
Behold the sheep who act by nature's law,
A system free of fraud, and free of flaw,

To fill the throne, as soon's their king is dead
 Conven the flock, and gaze on ev'ry head;
 The happy head, which wears the horns that's best,
 Is monarch made, and governs all the rest:
 Wife is their choice; for should they chuse a ram
 Of royal blood, smooth-headed as a lamb,
 He'd be too feeble to support the crown;
 But lusty horns can push rebellion down.

To honour, riches, and immortal fame,
 Of all men, Cuckolds have the surest claim.
 Honours are plac'd upon the cuckold's head,
 Laurels around the cuckold's temples spread.
 He far surmounts all poverty and shame;
 For ev'ry thing almost is given to him.
 When th' old wife puts her pudding in the pot;
 For antient customs must not be forgot;
 She mumbles thro' her throat, and says may luck hold,
 And then she gives her pudding to some cuckold.
 The fisherman, before their nets are thrown,
 Dispose of fish that are not yet their own.
 Soon as they shoot their boats, and hoist their sail,
 Some cuckold gets the herrings, every tail.
 The king and clergy's cefs are very small,
 Compar'd to cuckolds rents; for they get all.

These noble horns to womens wit we owe;
 They've made amends, who wrought our overthrow.
 How wofully is womens wit employ'd,
 They are not easy fools to be decoy'd:
 By planting on their husbands heads these horns,
 They purchase hoops, which their fair breech adorns.
 The wagtail's-cater-wauling is a trade,
 Which is with pleasure, and with profit fed;
 It clothes the spouses tails, and bulks the husband's head.
 O cuckolds, prize your MAKER, be content,
 Your wife is still your own, tho' sometimes lent.
 Though lands be labour'd by another's plow,
 The baron's still intitled to the feu.
 Not only has he rent, but homage paid;
 By all his tenant-vassals he's obey'd.

O cuckolds, I'll give my advice to you,
 That spot of ground which bears the willow bough,
 If rightly farm'd, may bring you heaps of cash;
 But follow solid maxims, don't be rash.
 Learn all your vassals names, and mark them down,
 And let their rent be every night a crown.
 Thus every man i'th'year, (you'll surely thrive)
 Will pay three hundred crowns and sixty five:
 And then for homage, claim it as your due,
 That every vassal make a leg, and bow,
 When at the cross or kirk they meet with you.
 Thus you shall flourish, and be very great,
 And bless your wife, and bless your horned pate.

Women, fair sex! they're made for our delight,
 Pleasure's their only use, their native right.
 Pleasure is their chief end, and highest glory,
 Which learn from this the sequel of my story.

Strange tales six daughters of EDINA spoke,
 Who long had dragg'd the matrimonial yoke.

After the jolly days of Yule were spent,
 Which Tories make a feast, and Whigs a lent;
 Then pagan Janus' feast day did succeed,
 And this to solemnize they're all agreed.
 As Phœbus did roll down the azure ball.
 Whose setting beams did gild the castle-wall;
 The time when beaux and busy burghers meet,
 To throng the cellars, and to thin the street;
 These ladies to fair Celia's lodge did fly,
 Without the ken of their horn'd husband's eye,
 To drink hot posset, and to eat cold pye.
 When the saluting kifs and cough was o'er,
 And cordials giv'n, that they might cough no more,
 The children's ailments, servants faults were told;
 One was a drab, the other was a scold.
 Fair Celia on her silver whistle calls
 For prisoners immur'd in crufted walls;
 Some holy words pronounc'd, then every wife
 Falls closely to the battle of the knife.
 When mangled limbs were carried out of sight,
 They next carouse the triumph of the night.

From

From right to left the chearful hot-pot goes,
 And secrets were blab'd out beneath the rose;
 'Till fair Sempronia, blooming like morn's skies,
 Just turn'd sixteen, and of a proper size;
 Wife to dull Samot, impotent and old,
 Even in her downy bosom icy cold,
 Did interrupt their mirth by shedding tears;
 And her repeated sighs alarm'd their ears.
 All spoke at once; the custom of their sex!
 What strange malheur doth dear Sempronia vex?
 Ah me! she says, Though 'twill bring no relief,
 Yet I must tell the occasion of my grief;
 I've striven to conceal it all this while;
 I've stifled sorrow, and I've forc'd a smile;
 My crazy dottard, that old rotten Whig!
 Says, 'Tis not he that makes my belly big:
 Alas! he hath found out my whole intrigue.
 In wrath from me last morning he did part,
 Went to the damn'd astrologer Cathcart;
 Plague on him, with his figures and his schemes,
 He's given a list of all my gallants names;
 He's told the three that were above my garters,
 E—— M——, C——n and C—— C——s.
 O this may pall our mirth! what will we do?
 The rogue Cathcart hath told the like of you;
 Our husbands will turn cruel tyrants now.

Quoth plump Corisca, Plhaw, Is this it all;
 It doth not trouble me, nor ever shall.
 You speak as if 'twere theft, they're not fore wrong'd;
 You never knew a cuckold-maker hang'd;
 A fruitful soil like ours, you know 'tis true,
 If ill manur'd should get a better plow:
 None but a fool will say, It should lie lee;
 If any think it should, 'twill ne'er be me.
 'Twas not for nought, that nature gave us tails;
 Then let these rogues shoot out their horns like snails.

To her Dorinda, with a smiling grace,
 A thousand Cupids dancing in her face,
 If 'tis a crime, which yet I cannot see,
 To grant a favour, sure 'tis none in me;

My meagre man, I might have call'd him spectre,
 Tipples the live long day,—not gen'rous nectar;
 Dozes all night, no nuptial tribute pay'd:
 I've wish'd a thousand times to be a maid.
 True, he jobs on sometimes, and mounts the guard,
 What's that to the embraces of a laird?
 Who'll play all day at picquet, and at ombre.
 Will kiss and toy all night, and never slumber:
 'Twere rude in one, who has a pleasant flow'r,
 Although by law 'tis really in his pow'r
 Not to allow a friend to smell its flavour,
 Who'll give it back, and thank him for the favour.
 But we've such humdrum men, such clumsy boors,
 If we are complaisant, they call us whores.

Next spoke sweet Marjory, affable and gay,
 With conquering charms, like lady of the May:

With age and gout my husband's almost dead,
 Was ever yet a diamond set in lead?
 Dead to the seats of love; and therefore I,
 'Tis wise philosophy, must seek supply:
 He who condemns this, knows not what he says;
 'Tis nature's law which every one obeys.

When blyth Zelinda's turn to speak came on,
 Quoth she, when I was married to Mefs John,
 I did as other honest women do;
 But, thanks to heaven, I've got a captain now:
 He'll talk a summer's day, with martial din,
 Of taking ravelines, and half-moons in,
 As if that he were only born to fight;
 And what he speaks all day, he acts at night.

Then, to speak next, to Delia did belong;
 But she not eloquent gave them——A SONG.

*Why should a foolish marriage vow,
 Which long ago was made,
 Be binding on each other now,
 When mutual love's decay'd? &c.*

Celia, the fairest of that female throng,
 Thus charm'd them with the music of her tongue;
 Once there were golden days, but oh! they're gone:
 'Twas in the reign of glorious Solomon,

Pandora gave love-philters to the women,
 With which they sleep'd ; and when they fell a-dreaming,
 By them in royal pomp the king was seen,
 Who us'd them as he did the Sheban queen.

They took their hot-pot, and went home to bed,
 Resolving to keep up the honest trade.

M E R R Y T A L E S

For the lang Nights of WINTER.

IN DIALOGUES betwixt the TINKLARIAN DOCTOR
 and his GRANDAM, &c.

*The Taylor cry'd, and fell into a cough,
 And the whole choir—did hold their hips and laugh,
 And waxen in their mirth, did sneeze and swear,
 A merrier hour was never wasted here.*

SHAKESPEARE.

*The winter nights in merriment and play,
 They pass, to drive the tedious hours away.*

TINKLARIAN DOCTOR.

ON a winters night, my gran'am spinning,
 To make a web of good Scots linen ;
 Her stool being plac'd next to the chimley ;
 For she was auld, and saw right dimly :
 My lucky-dad, an honest Whig,
 Was telling tales of Bothwel-brig ;
 He could not miss to mind th' attempt,
 For he was sitting peeling hemp.
 My aunt, whom nane dare say has no grace,
 Was reading on the Pilgrim's Progress ;
 The meikle tasker, Davie Dallas,
 Was telling blads of William Wallace :
 My mither-bade her second son say,
 What he'd by heart of Davie Lindsay.
 Our herd, whom all folks hate that knows him,
 Was busy hunting in his bosom,

'Till,

'Till, being tir'd with twa hours scratching,
 He fell at length to quick dispatching;
 Ne'er Roman slew so many Grecians,
 As he did of his blood relations;
 Nor did he think it was a sin,
 To be the dead of all his kin.
 The bairns and oyes were all within doors,
 The youngest of us chewing cynders,
 And all the auld ones telling wonders.
 I'll tell you mine, you ne'er heard droller,
 'Tis meikle worth to be a scholar.

I've seen you where you never was,
 And where you ne'er will be;
 But yet within that very place,
 You shall be seen by me.

GRANDAM.

Na, that dings all; but 'tis a fiction,
 A plain and perfect contradiction;
 You'll see me where I ne'er will be,
 I never heard a greater lie.

TINK. DOCTOR.

Gran'am, look up unto the glafs,
 And there you'll see your wrinkled face.

GRANDAM.

I vow, I'd rather giv'n ten dollars,
 Before I had not bred you scholars.
 I love to hear your sweet debating,
 With ane word Scots, the other Latin;
 There's nane of all the bairn-time stupid,
 Their beards may all wag in the pulpit:
 E'en Sandy, if to next year spar'd,
 May be a chaplain to a laird.
 But, hear me Willie; ye're the eldest,
 I ken you can a story tell best;
 With all your clergy tell the wonder,
 I cannot, tho' I'm near an hunder,
 Why my teeth, younger than my tongue,
 Hard as a stane or well dry'd rung,
 Should moulder like a rotten liver,
 Yet my soft tongue continue clever?

Or

ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

Or why shoe-soles so soon decay,
In less than six months quite away,
Yet my thin hide should never wear,
Tho' daily worn this ninety year?
Or, tell me, if you ken the matter,
Why ale, being thicker far than water,
Should in my throat get easy downfal,
But water choaks me, were't a spoonful?

TINK. DOCTOR.

Grandam, I'll answer all your wonders,
Beginning at the first, your grinders;
Must not that wear which ne'er lies still,
Ay grinding like the Canno-mill:
You're just a mill, your mouth's the happer,
Your teeth the mill-stanes, tongue the clapper;
Ye ken the clapper is but thin,
And, like your tongue, ay making din;
Yet it will wear out twenty mill-stanes,
Tho' they are kent not to be ill stanes,
As to the second, you'd consider,
That beasts have different kinds of leather;
Shoe-soles from dead beasts they do flae,
But ye are living, lang be't fae.
As to the last, 'bout ale and water,
Ale gangs down, 'cause you like it better.

GRANDAM.

The last's the truest of the three,
The shame a word of that's a lie.

TINK. DOCTOR.

Gran'am, I've answer'd all your questions,
Give's a tale, ane of your best anes.

GRANDAM.

I'll tell you a tale,—In the days of Cromwell,
When Charles the first from the throne did tumble;
I was about fourteen years and an half old,
When the rogues took his head aff on a scaffold:
We were very ill-fash'd with the English land-loupers,
And the hail country was o'er-run with moss troopers;
I went out upon a night with my sister Jean,
I mind very well 'twas on Valentine's-e'en;

We'd

We'd been drawing our valentines, I drew John Strang,
He had a bafe property, 'twas feyre wrang ;

Red hair'd, diih brow'd,

Bladder lipped, meikle mow'd.

We met with my auld jo Geordie Brown,
He liv'd, when he was living, in th' Overtown,
His face was big and fair like a fu' moon ;
He had on a fuit with prince's metal button,
His twa hands were like twa hind legs of mutton ;
I'm fure it was not with eating, he was nae glutton.
His legs mens'd all the parifh at kirk and market,
He faid to me, 'tis bawdy, I had beft hark it ;
Lend me your lüg, Giles, and I'll round it in,
Now for your life, limmer, offer to tell't again :
But we were cry'd back upon, by my fifter Mary,
So Geordie and we fell to play at blind Hary.
Geordie gigled and leugh ay, when I was ta'en,
And the place he gript me by, was the wame ;
But the farmers coming in to birl their placks,
We left the drunken carles to their own cracks,
We went to the barnyard & play'd bogle about the flacks
When I was wearied with hiding, and he with purfuing,
We fat down at a hay-stack, and fell clofs to the wooing ;
He flaver'd all my lips, and turn'd very uncivil,
He thruft up his hand the length of my navel ;
I gar'd all the folk hear me, and cry'd out like a devil.
The de'il take me, quoth I, bleffing myfelf, if I be
your town,

Sae tell me, are you in mows or earnest, Geordie Brown ?
I'm in earnest, quo' Geordie, 'tis better nor craking,
Make nae noife, Bessie, 'tis ay good to be taking ;
But out came my mither with a rock in her bosome,
She gave him his paiks, and foundly did tofs him.
He took to his heels and fcour'd thro' the green,
So I'll never forget that Valentine's e'en.

TINK. DOCTOR.

Gran'am, I'm ay fear'd you've been an auld finner,
You love a bawdy tale, as I do my dinner.
I'll tell you a tale fhould not be forgotten,
The wife I'm fpeaking of is both dead and rotten :

An

An honest Cameronian near the Bow-head,
 She was sae very afflited when her husband was dead,
 Ev'ning and morning she went to the Gray-friars;
 (If this be not true, many ane's liars)
 It happen'd anes as she went there to mourn,
 But first she behoved to make her burn;
 And hunk'ring down upon the cald grass,
 A thistle on the grave jagged her arse,
 She thought her buttocks was touched by old cuss,
 Thrusting his hand up thro' the turf;
 She ran away crying, five times or six,
 Dead or alive you mind your auld tricks.

MAUSE.

Out fy, brother, ye stain your profession,
 If you speak that way I'll tell the session;
 A story that's bawdy is not worth a plack man,
 I'll tell you a tale of Jamie the packman.
 Ye cou'd not but ken gleid Jamie Cunningham,
 As he was travelling within a mile of Tunningham,
 He sat down at a fald dyke for to ease his back,
 'Twad burslen our mare to've carried his pack:
 As he was rising to gang some miles farther,
 He hitch'd his pack o'er his left shoulder;
 The swing of the pack brought him to the ground,
 And choak'd him dead; the laird of the ground,
 On the very spot where his servants fand him,
 Put up a stane with this memorandum.

What e'er come of the pack,
 Spend ay the other plack,
 And let ne'er your gear o'ergang you,
 Keep ay your back light,
 And your pack tight,
 And then it never will hang you.

Little JAMIE.

Gran'am, give me a pair of new breiks,
 And I'll tell you some things will gar you rive your cheeks
 GRANDAM.

Blessings upon the wean, hear how he speaks,
 My dear, ye'll not want it, if I should buy them with straiks.

Little

Little JAMIE.

'Twas auld lang syne, in an hamely converse,
A Scotfman bade the king and court kifs his a—se.

GRANDAM.

Mishear'd fallow, the meikle devil speed him,
I'm sure the king wad gar hang him, or head him.

Little JAMIE.

Indeed he did neither, but thought him a fit tool,
To be carry'd to court, and made the king's fool.

GRANDAM.

They turn all fools goes there, Jamie, that's nae lie,
Our laird spends his siller there ilka bawbie;
He had anes a bra' fortune, its a' gane to wrack;
For London's a place that herries the pack;
I believe, this day he's not worth five and a plack. }
The lords and lairds that gae up sae fast thither,
Are just like the bairns that forget their auld mither;
And like the northland folk, that come from beyond Tay,
To return back again they seldom find the way:
They say our lairds ta'en up about state affairs,
Shame fa' that wark, makes many poor heirs.

Little JAMIE.

Let us who stay at hame, study to be thrivers,
And we'll turn lairds, when the lairds turn dyvers:
But Gran'am, let me tell out my bra' sport,
How the man spake to the king and his court;
'Twas king James the sixth, when he rang twenty years
King of England, and then came down with his peers,
To visit Scotland, where he got his being.
The kings siasyne think were not worth their seeing, }
King George wad nae come if it wad save us frae dying; }
For these English cuckolds who would cut our throats,
Gar the honest man turn his back on the Scots:
I love ay that minister, he was an honest gentleman,
Who said ance in a preaching, the devil was an Englishman;
And by the reason he gave, it's very true indeed,
When scholars raise the devil, he has horns on his head.
But to return to my tale, the king and his dunnewaffels,
Came to see the Scots gentry and all his vassals;

As

As he lodg'd on the road, where they sauld brandy and ale,
 And the king was turn'd canty with the other gill;
 He asked the land-lord, how long he'd liv'd there:
 The man answered, five hundred years and mair,
 I and my predecessors, tho' you may think it a bafe lie,
 'Tis as true as ony thing in the black book of Paisley.
 Do you ken, said the king, wha was your chief,
 He was hang'd, quo' the man, on the gallows of Crieff, }
 Waes me, quo' the king, it seems he's been a thief. }
 Indeed I'm sure he was nae that, quo' the other,
 But king David gart hang baith him and his brother.
 What was the crimes they dy'd for, said king James,
 May be they were rebels, what was their names?
 Indeed, answer'd the man, they were not baptiz'd,
 But just took to themselves what names they pleas'd;
 For the sign of the cross, us'd then by popish fallows,
 Look'd as if the bairns were to die on the gallows:
 But for the good of Scotland, they gat aft fair banes;
 The name of the eldest was, Praise-god Bare-banes;
 The second brother's name, who was a laird in the Merse,
 Was, an't please your majesty, Kifs-my-a—se:
 Bare-banes came to be treasurer, by which he wan siller,
 And for two years together, Kifs-my-a—se chancellor;
 But thereafter Bare-banes was chancellor, for he was a
 cunning spark,

And Kifs-my-a--se was twice justice clerk:
 Yet falling some way thereafter under the king's anger,
 They kend they wad be hang'd, if they stay'd ony langer;
 Sae they travell'd in disguise, that they might not be kend,
 And turn'd baith of them trencher-makers to their life's
 end:

They travell'd with tinkers and gypsies, thro' mony
 man's ground.

Bare-banes made his four-nooked, Kifs-my-a--se's were
 all round.

GRANDAM:

Sirs, heard you e'er a bairn speak sae in his age,
 He'll be the tinklarian all o'er, I see by his visage, }
 Who is well kend to be the prettiest man in this age. }

The FAIR MAID OF DUMBLANE,

THE authors of romances and novels,
 Talk big of fluttering beaux and sparkling belles;
 Strephon the lovers sprung from noble blood,
 And Celia is a rich and lovely prude:
 To great folk Cupid only is a guest;
 Love dare not reign in a plebeian breast:
 The poor do like unthinking atoms dance,
 And marry, as the world was made, by chance;
 This poets and philosophers advance.
 Wise as they are they may be in the wrong,
 Altho' the last was great Lucretius' song.
 The gods, say they, have a superior care;
 A thousand Sylphs sit on Belinda's hair,
 Protect bright Cloe when she plays at ombre,
 And, being aerial spirits, cannot slumber;
 These ladies guard at tea and mattadores,
 Because they're rich and great,—-tho' sometimes whores.
 The gods despise a linsley-woolsey gown;
 But to the rustling silks respect is shown.
 Yet, under favour, 'tis not my opinion;
 For little Cupid hath a large dominion.
 Great wits may with their learned logick fail,
 And I with my blunt eloquence prevail:
 Then hear with patience this my country tale.

In days of old, when Kenneth rul'd the nation,
 And trews and naked buttocks were in fashion,
 Maids did not fence their bums with ribs of whales,
 But, just as nature made them, wore their tails.
 The scope of all love tales and am'rous charms,
 Is to have naked Meg clasp'd in our arms.

There liv'd within an humble highland cottage
 An honest pair, but both of them in dotage;
 Donald, who never heard of foreign news,
 Convers'd with horse, and sheep, and droves of cows,
 And jolly Marg'ry was his aged spouse.
 Twice twenty years made up their wedlock state:
 Their means were competent, not very great;

A lovely daughter blest'd their hoary hairs,
 The only pledge of all their youthful years.
 For stature, manners, and a lovely face,
 She was the very proverb of the place:
 The darling of her family and friends,
 In blooming youth just enter'd in her teens.
 The beauteous maid, Corisca, was her name,
 Thro' neighbouring shires had spread a lasting fame.
 From ev'ry corner of the country came,
 A lover to make known his am'rous flame.
 A learned clerk, five tradesmen, and a swain,
 Call'd Colin, who dwelt in the neighbouring plain,
 Made up the number of Corisca's train.
 The scribe was famous for his plodding noddle,
 Told her dark stories out of Aristotle,
 Was very grave; but Colin took his bottle.
 The tradesmen they were wealthy proud and vain;
 But Colin was an honest humble swain.
 Tho' rich as Croesus, and as wise as Solon,
 Corisca would have none, save only Colin.
 Small worldly substance fell to Colin's share;
 But he was open, plain and debonair.
 Of equal temper, stedfast as the rocks,
 Cheerful as May, and harmless as his flocks:
 Good face, good shapes, good nature and good sense,
 Are qualities should make a man a prince.
 Colin enjoy'd these in a high degree;
 Corisca lov'd him well, and only he.
 Her parents government was soft and mild,
 They seldom spoke, and when they spoke they smil'd,
 And she knew all the duties of a child.
 One morning aged Donald and his wife
 Says, daughter, you're the solace of our life;
 Our age's prop, our joys of life are gone,
 And your's, sweet child, we hope are drawing on.
 O bring us not with sorrow to the grave,
 'Tis but a single favour that we crave;
 Wed e're we die, but don't with Colin wed;
 And when we've seen you in the nuptial bed,

Our aged, crazy, tott'ring bones, we trust,
 Will soon thereafter sleep in peaceful dust.
 Mournful Corisca knew not what to do ;
 Loth to refuse, and loth to make the vow ;
 She did the last, as safest of the two.
 Parents, she says, 'tis you that gave me life,
 Till you consent, I ne'er shall be a wife :
 Hear me, ye heavens, I make this sacred vow,
 To marry as my parents shall allow.
 But maidens vows are wind, and nothing else ;
 And this the sequel of my story tells.

Once as the sun the Western skies stole down,
 And in the east arose the silver moon ;
 Now toiling hieifers, wounded with the goad,
 Are all released from the servile load :
 Now from the muirs the hunters homeward ride,
 With unquhile mauking dangling at their side :
 From distant hamlet hungry school-boy comes,
 With running nose, and blowing o'er his thumbs :
 To neighb'ring ale-house tipling curate goes,
 With tatter'd crape, to take a deep carouse :
 From verdant woods with sounding horns the swains
 Bring home the milky mothers of the plains.
 Corisca goes to bughts to milk the ewes,
 And spies her Colin whistling o'er the knows ;
 Driving his charge down to the nightly fold ;
 His yellow hair was like the streaming gold ;
 He grac'd his trews, his crook and tartan plaid :
 As fine as Kenneth was the swain array'd.
 The lass was singing with a thoughtless air,
 For saving love, she had no worldly care.
 Corisca chuckl'd when the lad she view'd ;
 A joy went tingling thro' her mass of blood,
 Once she had growing thoughts to be his wife ;
 A rapid pleasure touch'd the strings of life.
 Colin soon folded up his woollen drove,
 And runs to quench his eager thirst of love :
 Kind words he spoke, his wearied head did rest
 Upon the peaceful pillow of her breast.

Around

3
Around her waist his loving arms was spread;
There he solac'd upon the downy bed.
Often did Colin his Corisca kiss,
The certain pledges of a future bliss.
The loving pair upon green pastures lay;
And made the ev'ning for to crown the day.

Beneath a willow's cooling shade,
Nature's soft and mossy bed,

Th' am'rous couple lay:

Colin felt a burning flame,

Wish'd for what he durst not name;

At last began to say,

Corisca shall I sing a song,

I'll not make it very long:

You have half an hour to spare,

'Ere you milk your fleecy care:

I have driven the ewes too fast,

Let them get a little rest.

You'll not think the time too long;

We'll beguile it with a song.

How a shepherd lov'd a lass,

And did court her on the grass;

But the maid was cruel coy,

And refus'd to wed the boy:

With the grief his heart he broke,

He leapt over a steep rock:

Thus he made an end of life,

Since she wou'd not be his wife.

Corisca says, dear Colin, sing,

Music is a pleasant thing:

Sure the woman has been mad

For to kill a loving lad.

Colin's heart was wond'rous glad,

When he heard the words she said.

Soon did he begin to sing,

And made all the valleys ring:

But so mournful was the tale,

It invited philomel;

Who did hear the music sweet,

And doth still the notes repeat.

A SONG,

To the tune of MORNING O GEBERLAND.

PROLOGUE.

A furlong or so from bonny Dumblain,
 Liv'd a fair nymph and an am'rous swain;
 Colin was the name of the swain,
 Corisca the maid created his pain.
 He lov'd her beyond all the comforts of life,
 Pray'd daily to heav'n she might be his wife.
 Her hair is like the heckl'd lint,

Quo Colin, quo Colin;

But her heart as hard as flint,

Quo Colin, quo Colin;

Her face is like the rising moon,

Quo Colin, quo Colin;

Clearer than a silver-spoon,

Quo Colin, quo Colin;

Red, like claret, is her cheeks,

Quo Colin, quo Colin;

And they dimple when she speaks,

Quo Colin, quo Colin;

Her lips doth wear a scarlet dye,

Quo Colin, quo Colin;

Like cherries in the month of May,

Quo Colin, quo Colin;

Her teeth is like the iv'ry bone,

Quo Colin, quo Colin,

But her heart like pumice stone,

Quo Colin, quo Colin;

Her breasts are whiter than the snow,

Quo Colin, quo Colin,

Softer than haufs-locks of the ew,

Quo Colin, quo Colin;

Whiter is her legs and thighs,

Quo Colin, quo Colin,

Than the curds which make the cheese,

Quo Colin, quo Colin;

Long

Long and slender is her waist,
 Quo Colin, quo Colin,
 It would tempt the parish priest,
 Quo Colin, quo Colin;
 Tho' he were an Anchorite,
 Quo Colin, quo Colin,
 To enjoy a nymph so sweet,
 Quo Colin, quo Colin;
 When she sits on hills or rocks,
 Quo Colin, quo Colin,
 Soon do I forsake my flocks,
 Quo Colin, quo Colin;
 She doth kill me with her eyes,
 Still rolling, still rolling;
 But she cares not for my cries,
 Quo Colin, quo Colin;
 Nor takes she notice of my sighs,
 Quo Colin, quo Colin:
 Long have I courted this fair maid,
 Quo Colin, quo Colin,
 But she slighted all I said,
 Quo Colin, quo Colin;
 I am wearied of my life,
 Quo Colin, quo Colin,
 Since she will not be my wife,
 Quo Colin, quo Colin;
 I'll forsake my friends and flocks,
 Quo Colin, quo Colin,
 And fly over steepy rocks,
 Quo Colin, quo Colin;
 Life without her's full of trouble,
 Quo Colin, quo Colin;
 Nothing but a silly bubble
 Quo Colin, quo Colin;
 In love's rage he left his sheep,
 Poor Colin, poor Colin!
 And did take the fatal leap,
 Poor Colin, poor Colin!

When

When Corisca heard the news,

Of Colin, of Colin,

She forsakes her lambs and ewes

For Colin, for Colin ;

When she saw the swain was dead,

Poor Colin, poor Colin !

She fell sick and took her bed,

For Colin, for Colin ;

Distracted with the grief, she cried,

For Colin. for Colin,

And gave up the ghost and dy'd,

For Colin, for Colin.

Corisca heard her Colin's artful tale,

Minded her vow, but nature did prevail.

Colin, says she, the story can't be true,

For, of that name, I ne'er heard one save you :

If fact, Corisca's been a cruel creature,

And wanted all the softness of my nature.

Colin replies, part's true of what I've said,

I am the swain, and you the cruel maid :

Long have I courted you my charming fair,

But you are deaf to Colin's ev'ry prayer :

I hear you've sworn by the pow'rs above,

Never to entertain your Colin's love :

And did the dotard fools extort the vow,

Cruel Corisca, shall I think it true :

To such an unjust vow have no respect ;

Or break your vow, or I will break my neck.

I'm not, says she, inflexible to love,

Could I, dear Colin, this curs'd vow remove ;

To break my vow, dare I be so unjust,

'Twould send my aged parents to the dust.

What then, says Colin, will it be a crime

To give them heav'n a year before their time ;

O ! 'tis an action that will make you thrive,

To keep the loving Colin still alive.

Thus Colin spoke, and did her heart betray ;

She broke her vow, and marry'd him next day.

The MARRIAGE betwixt SCRAPE,
Monarch of the Maunders, & BLUB-
BERLIPS, Queen of the Gypsies.

TRavelling of late in fogs and through thick mist,
Without a guide, save Willy wi' the wisp;
I wander'd, for the bright decoying rogue
Hop'd to wild heaths, and many a mossy bog;
Trembling I stumbled through deep pits and ditches,
Thinking to meet the devil and his witches;
I'm sure they keep their nightly meetings here,
Where never priest nor human foot draws near;
Upon this spot they dance and revel all the year:
At last a joyful music reach'd my ear,
I did the din of distant waters hear,
Ignis went off, the day began to clear:
I leap'd with joy, bending my course with speed,
To reach the water; and I found it Tweed,
Glad was my heart when I its banks did view;
There I beheld a very jovial crew.
Below fair Peebles, on the river's side,
The merry beggars busking were a bride;
A gang of strollers, acting there their freaks,
Gambling and dancing as merry as Greeks.
In a thicket of trees myself I hid,
And heard and saw all that the beggar's did.
No shellicot-goblin, or elf on the green,
E'er tripp'd more nimbly than the beggars queen;
Blubberlips the bride, did dance and play,
For this it seems, was her wedding day;
She was match'd to old Scrape, the maunders king,
(This made all the rag-reg'ment to sing)
Who gave her a curch as wide as a hood;
A silver brooch, and a silken snood;
A pearl'd cross cloth; a woven belt;
A large leathern swag to hold the gelt;
A pair of scizars to clip the plaisters,
To keep open the wounds which shew their disasters;

Needles

Needles to sew their pass-ports when torn;
 An elshin to coble the shoes when worn;
 A string of beads; a bitch and a kent,
 To help her through the bogs and the bent;
 A blanket; a pair of new soal'd hose;
 A mill with snitban, to pepper her nose.
 You're queen of the covee, says he, tho' in rags,
 My fair fufs you shall carry the bags;
 All night you shall ly on pillows of flags.
 I've truf'd you a lady's shirt from the hedge;
 Auld lousy duds gars ay folk fidge.
 On pad of bulrushes your buttocks I'll lay,
 There sleep and sing, 'till the cock crow day;
 Then beg on the way, and rob all we meet,
 Steal from the hedge both the shirt and the sheet.
 I'll pour on thy pale, a pot of good ale,
 Laughing like us at every mail;
 On stolen eggs and butter we'll dine,
 My *bona roba* in a cloven-pine;
 With ducklings in season; bacon and pease;
 Capons, turkeys, and fat dabs of cheese:
 I'll learn you to filch a duck or a hen,
 Fill the swag with lour, for a bousing-ken.

And a begging we will go,
And a begging we will go;
With a pock for our oat meal,
Another for our rye;
A little bottle by our side,
To drink when we are dry.
And a begging we will go, &c.

Blubberlips kiss'd him ten times and mair;
 Cries, blessings lye lurking in his tufts of hair;
 Lang grows his beard, thick, fork'd and fair:
 I'll kemb his beard, his whisker's I'll plet;
 With feathers of ravens, brush his bald pate.
 He'll ly on the pad with his dell till she twang;
 Let the constable, justice, and the devil, go hang.
 When we roost in barns, old chuck will teach us,
 To cut bien whids, and be perfect in crutches:

To clap our fables, throw up our nab cheats;
 To filch from the hedge, both the shirts and the sheets.
 The cowlies on the straw, with the morties will be glad,
 But ilk' ane must maund on his own pad;
 The doxies turn up their keels and spelder,
 Wapping till a kinch twang in their kelder.

The covee coming by,
 Will bumbumbis cry.
 Hedge-hog, toad, beetle,
 Dick the jewels,
 There they ly.

Then a flecter'd blew-ey'd hag began to sing,
 To the tune of old Sir Simon the king.

BEGGARS SONG, out of BEAUMONT and FLETCHERS Plays.

" Cast our caps and care away,
 " This is beggars holy-day;
 " At the wedding of our king,
 " Thus we ever dance and sing.
 " In the world, look out and see,
 " Where's so happy a prince as he?
 " Where's the nation lives so free,
 " And so merry as do we?
 " Be it peace, or be it war,
 " Here at liberty we are,
 " And enjoy our ease and rest,
 " When others are with care oppress;
 " Nor are call'd into the town,
 " To be troubl'd with the gown.
 " Hang the government we cry,
 " Their officers we do defy;
 " Let magistrates on gibbets die.
 " When the subsidy's increas'd,
 " We are not a penny cess'd;
 " Nor will any go to law
 " With a beggar for a straw.
 " All which happiness he brags,
 " He doth owe unto his rags.

" Then

" Then a begging we will go,
 " And a begging we will go, &c.

In the midst of their mirth, dūnnawaffels drew nigh,
 King Scrape rose up with the hue and the cry ;

" Purveyors to your crutches; wooden legs, wry faces;
 " To your postures; learn your halting paces.
 " Red botch rid you, make false bellies, ye whores;
 " Slover-chops, to your stilts, lay open your sores.
 " Beedsmen tye your tackling, haste, the lour bring,
 " To litter the cubs, and bouse the king."

The tatter'd reg'ment took the alarm,
 Some wanted a leg, and others an arm :
 The queen was crible, with a broken leg;
 And thus she shewed them the art to beg.

The BEGGING CANT.

Bless your worships, throw us a penny;
 Pity the wretches, poor and many;
 Mind the blind who cannot see;
 Give's but a doit, or Irish-babie.
 Spare something to the dumb and lame,
 All starving with a hungry wame;
 And he who sent you guide you hame.
 She canted till she got
 The matter of a groat,
 Which she to Scrape did bring,
 For he was own'd for king;
 And merrily did sing.

The SONG.

Here in peace and love we dwell,
 Who'd be nobles, prithee tell,
 When the beggars live so well.
 Then blyth, very blyth, very blyth, let us be,
 King George needs a million, but so do not we :
 We'll dance, and we'll sing under the hawthorn tree.

Just

Just now 'thas been our lot

For to pick up a groat,

We'll put it in the pot,

And merry, merry, merry, very merry let us be.

An Amorous Epistle from the Abbot
BOTHWELL, to ELEONORA a Lady NUN.

DAUGHTER,

BEAUTY is justly term'd a divine ray,
By which our Maker doth his pow'r display;
The fathers of the church do still conclude,
The fair are always exquisitely good:
That lovely face of thine's a glass where we
Behold the rays of pure divinity.
Th' Almighty shews his love unto the fair,
Allowing them two attributes to share;
These attributes most proper to his nature,
And you enjoy them both, my charming creature.
'Twere rank ingratitude t' indulgent heav'n,
Not to employ the talents God hath giv'n.
Was't for no other end heav'n beauty made
But tantalize our eyes, and useless fade?
He was too kind, bestow'd the charming pow'r,
To make it crime, to touch the pleasant flow'r.
Life's not more nat'ral to mankind than love;
(Need I a thing so very easy prove?)
There's a desire implanted in each creature,
T' unite with what's most proper to its nature;
This animates the whole terrestrial ball,
Instinct, we call it, in the animal:
That natural cast, which to the center brings;
The term we give it in inan'mate things;
In man, the noblest creature on the earth,
The sign of wisdom and celestial birth.
These functions of our life, to sleep, or move,
Are not more natural than for us to love:
Nothing so deep below, so high above,
But feels the mighty influence of love.

C

The

The rugged earth, th' inexorable sea,
 The winds and stars, all own its sov'rignty :
 Nothing's too good, too great, but what it sways ;
 All things are at its will, and ev'ry thing obeys.
 If love be sweet to these immers'd in strife,
 Burden'd with all the servile cares of life,
 'Tis much more so, to pious souls that dwell,
 Recluse and cloister'd in a lonely cell :
 Calm and serene, we feel no weight of sorrow,
 What we're to day, we'll be the same to-morrow ;
 No gilded baits of honour do invite
 To toils all day, and sleepless hours all night.
 Tho' luxury our convent be deny'd,
 With fresh subsistence daily we're supply'd ;
 We hear no noise of war, or foreign news ;
 Then let soft love employ the religious ;
 We mock all riches which the world adore all ;
 Our dispositions physical and moral,
 Long time with saints have stock'd the courts above,
 Whose hearts receiv'd th' impress of divine love ;
 Saints love so vigorous grows, that at the length,
 They love with all their soul and all their strength.
 But as the brutes, (so the supreme design'd)
 Have by their master diff'rent tasks assign'd ;
 According as their strength and kind allow,
 Some are for pleasure, others for the plow :
 So we who must the Almighty's laws fulfil,
 Perform the mighty dictates of his will.
 These pre-ordained by the pow'rs above,
 Give up their hearts wholly to divine love ;
 For this seraphic love the church still pants ;
 'Tis this makes martyrs, confessors and saints.
 But the devout, to whom the gifts not giv'n
 Of violent inclinations for heav'n,
 Rise up with grace implanted in their nature,
 By lower contemplations of the creature :
 We love our Maker, as the others do,
 Love him dilated in his works below ;
 We admire his goodness, when we gaze on you.

When

When I behold your charms, your ev'ry grace,
 Your matchless shape, the wonders of your face,
 I adore the Omnipotent ; I must confess
 I see his image in the lovely glass :
 Thus I mount up, on love's triumphant wings,
 To the eternal principle of things.
 I by its natural emanations know,
 Pleasures of heav'n above, and earth below :
 So, without guilt of sacrilege, I share
 My heart 'twixt divine love, and you my charming fair.
 To make us happy, heaven did design
 That we should in our Maker's image shine ;
 This we establish as a rule of faith,
 The thing which makes us happy, makes us safe ;
 And that is——love.

The ardor of my love makes me impart
 To you the great arcanas of my heart ;
 My ghostly counsel take, be no more coy,
 Prepare to meet me, and the coming joy.

EPITAPHS.

EPITAPH ON GEORGE PATERSON,
 who hewed out the subterranean
 Caves at GILMERTON.

Opus quinque annorum.

I.

HE did not live upon the earth,
 Yet was no Antipode,
 An army could not lift his bed,
 Tho' only three fit broad.

II.

He liv'd as now he lies, below,
 But curst or blest we do not know,
 To put upon record :

His labours being rocky stone,
 Won't follow him when he is gone,
 Like those die in the Lord.

III.

Th' estate he left consists in land,
 On which the sun ne'er shone;
 No bird or beast did ever stand,
 Or grass did grow thereon.

IV.

His heritage is situate so,
 'Till last without all doubt,
 For all the wind that e'er did blow
 Could never find it out.

V.

It fears no fire, it feels no plow,
 Was never wet with morning dew,
 Pays neither cess nor teind.
 Sure, passenger, when this you read,
 You'll think his heirs have scarcely bread;
 Admire how they're maintain'd.

INSCRIPTION on the Cave at GIL- MERTON.

UPON the earth thrives villainy and woe,
 But happiness and I do dwell below;
 My hands hewed out this rock into a cell,
 Wherein from din of life I safely dwell:
 On Jacob's pillow nightly lies my head;
 My house when living, and my grave when dead:
 Inscribe upon it when I'm dead and gone,
 I liv'd and dy'd within my mother's womb.

EPITAPH ON MARJORY SCOT of DUNKELD.

STOP, passenger, until my life you read,
 The living may get knowledge from the dead.

Five times five years I liv'd a virgin life ;
 Five times five years I was a virtuous wife ;
 Ten times five years a widow grave and chaste ;
 Now wearied of this mortal life I rest :
 Betwixt my cradle and my grave were seen,
 Eight mighty kings of Scotland, and a queen :
 Four times five years the common wealth I saw ;
 Ten times the subjects rise against the law ;
 And which is worse than any civil war,
 A king arraign'd before the subjects bar ;
 Swarms of Sectarians, hot with hellish rage,
 Cut off his royal head on open stage.
 Twice did I see, old prelacy pull'd down,
 And twice the cloak did sink beneath the gown.
 I saw the Stewart-race thrust out ; nay more,
 I saw our country sold for English ore :
 Our num'rous nobles who have famous been,
 Sunk to the lowly number of sixteen :
 Such desolations in my days have been,
 I have an end of all perfection seen.

ON JOHN PETTIGREW Minister at GIVAN.

HERE lies a rev'rend Givan priest,
 Who sure against his will's deceast ;
 His soul's to Abram's bosom fled,
 As by his rev'rend elders said.
 Others who knew his youthful joys,
 Say, Sarah's rather was his choice.
 But be it as it will, his scabbard's humbl'd,
 Death tripp'd up his heels, and down he tumbled.

LADY SHAW'S EPITAPH.

In GREENOCK Church-yard.

HERE lies interr'd beside a witch,
 Th' oppressor both of poor and rich :

How she fends, and how she fares,
De'il ane kens, and as few cares.

On JOHN BELL.

I John Bell smith, lies under this stane,
Four of my sons laid it on my wame;
I was man of my meat, and master of my wife,
And liv'd in my own house without meikle strife.
If thou be'st a better man in thy time than I was in mine,
Take this stane aff my wame and lay't on top of thine.

On THOMAS RYMOUR Maltman in COUPAR.

Through Christ, I am not inferior
To William the conqueror. Rom. viii. 37.

On a Black-smith.

MY sledge and hammer's both declin'd;
My bellows too have lost their wind;
My fire's extinct, my forge decay'd,
And in the dust my wife is laid;
My coal is spent, my iron's gone,
My nails are drove, my work is done.

On GEORGE BUTTON Taylor.

Readers, bid ev'ry taylor leave his house,
Knights of the ancient order of the louse;
Hither resort to see that death's turn'd daft,
For he's commenc'd a brother of the craft.
Never such wonder seen betwixt the poles,
All the graves here are turn'd to button holes,
And fill'd with buttons, Oh! 'tis strange indeed,
Made without hands, a needle, or a thread.

ON MR WILLIAM MORE.

HERE lies More, and no more than he,
More and no more, how can that be?

ON GEORGE FAICHNEY.

Beneath this tuiff lies Geordie Faichney,
A gamester and the devil's haickney;
Who liv'd by cheating at the cards,
Prentice boys and senseless lairds.
Blyth was he when he drew his breath,
And dy'd a right gay dancing death;
Because one day he got his draught in,
And burnt the flesh of James M'Naughton,
Now Satan's got him by the limb,
To do the very same to him:
Glad was old Nick, when he got him,
Haul'd to his pit that wants the bottom;
Whisper'd to him in his ear,
My ain Geordie, welcome here.

ON WILLIAM LITHGOW Writer in
EDINBURGH.

EDinburgh may say, oh! hon!
And so may Leith and Sand-Hutton,
Melrofs-land and Dolphingstoun,
But what remead;
All they can do, is to bemoan,
Will. Lithgow's dead.
He was a sturdy man of weir,
And never lordly of his gear,
He lap as well as ony steer,
Withouten dread,
But now he's laid into his bier,
Poor Willy's dead.
Galtown-side and Darnich-town,
Was never free of thief and lown,

Where

Where Willie did his sorrows drown,
Had they him yet, they wou'd him crown;
To Melrofs abbacy he went,
To pay the moidore rent;

To Melrofs abbacy he went,
To pay the minister his stent;
Who said to him, y'are welcome bent,
Pray taste this brandy to me sent,

Pray taste this brandy to me sent,
Tom Drouth and he were billy boys,
They took their pint in Willie Hoy's,
With Is'bel Stumpie and her decoys;
But now he's left these idle toys;

But now he's left these idle toys;
Each day when he came from his bed,
Tom Drouth through ale-houses him led,
Where he the lasses legs did shade
Hame was he carried on a flade;
So prettily as he did dance,
And how the lasses

And few there see'd;
For he is dead.
With fou great speed;
But now he's dead.

So prettily as he did dance,
And how the laffes he did lance,
At ev'ry step he mocked France,
But now he's dead.

Bot now poor Willie lies in trance;
That broken reed;
For he is dead.

He was good company at jests,
And wanted not the least.

He was good company at jests,
And wanton when he came to feasts;
He scorn'd the converse of great beasts,
He laugh'd at stories about ghaists;
He fetch'd sometimes thrice a day,
Like Robin Ormish.

He fetched sometimes thrice a day,
Like Robin Ormiston that lump of clay :
He flourish'd then like a green bay,
But now he's vanish'd quite away,
With up-born head ;
For he is dead.

Good :

Good fellows they took great delight
To see him bark but never bite,
He blether'd fae as he did flyte,

Shaking his head ;

At every word he gave a flyte ;

But now he's dead.

Will. Keir and Jamie Clerk him knew,
And fae did all that drunken crew ;
He wad not rich be as a Jew,

He wanted gried ;

For he was always just and true,

But now he's dead.

At length his wife fell to her tricks,
She haunted limmers and great licks ;
She drank with them, and priev'd their pr- ks,

But ony dread ;

He valu'd her as rotten sticks,

Which was his dead.

His wife was also, as all are, bad,
She sold away all that he had,
Which broke his heart and made it sad,

And cold as lead ;

Yet he was ay an honest lad,

But now he's dead.

Ye gentlemen that given be
To Bacchus and sweet letcherie,
Now take example when ye see

Your neighbour bleed ;

As Willie is, so must you be,

Alas ! he's dead.

ON NICOL VILANT at TORPHICHEN.

KIND France gave me my birth and tender life,
Fair Scotland blest me with a fruitful wife ;
Sixty-six years a batchelor was I,
Forty years more, I liv'd in wedlock's tie ;
And in my marriage to increase my love,
Of children eight a father I did prove :

My

My temp'rance did diseases all expel,
 I hated all intemperance as hell :
 So death itself and sickness soon agreed,
 Of my long life, old age should cut the thread.

On a LADY.

HERE lies a lady, who if not bely'd,
 Took wise St Paul's advice, and all things try'd :
 Nor stopt she here, but follow'd through the rest,
 And always stuck the longest to the best.

On Bishop BURNET.

HERE old Sarum lies, .
 As great as wise,
 And learn'd as Tom Aquinas ;
 Lawn sleeves he wore,
 And yet no more
 A Christian than Socinus.
 Oaths *pro* and *con* .
 He swallow'd down,
 Took fees like any layman,
 Read, preach'd, and pray'd,
 And yet betray'd
 God's holy word for Mammon.
 Of ev'ry vice
 He had a spice,
 Though a renowned prelate ;
 Yet liv'd and dy'd,
 If not bely'd,
 A true dissenting zealot.
 If such a soul
 To heav'n is stole,
 And 'scap'd old Satan's clutches,
 We'll then presume,
 There may be room
 For ———

THO. BROWN.

ON JANET BEATIE at MONTROSE.

LET earth take earth, the devil his sins again,
The world its goods, the soul may heav'n contain,

ON WEST the Boatman.

HERE lies boatman West,
Who was none of the best;
In his youth he was wild,
And when old was a child:
Being dead at the last,
Desir'd old Charon to give him a cast.

ON a DWARF at KILSYTH.

BEneath this stone here lies a man,
Whose body was not full three span;
A boon companion day and night,
Sir Thomas Hepderfon of Hystoun, knight:

ON a SCOLD.

HERE lies entomb'd a married man's great woe,
A nimble linguist, and a quick tongu'd shrew;
She's dead, and earth to earth is flung,
The earth holds her who could not hold her tongue.

ON one unknown.

HERE lies interr'd our good old aunty,
Whom death has catch'd in his peck-manty;
She dy'd the age of five and fifty;
Shame fa' the hands that first shall lift thee.

ON JOHN SMITH.

HERE lies John Smith,
Whom death slew for all his pith;

The

The starkest man in Aberlady :
God prepare and make us ready.

On JOHN SIMPSON in St. ANDREWS.

HE of Drumcarro tenant was,
And from this life to death did pass ;
In credit, peace and honesty,
An emblem of his piety.

Over the spade, shovel, yoke, and coffin, within a
shield, is written.

Here lies a ploughman good enough,
Who gain'd his living by the plough.

On JOHN SPIER.

HERE lies John Spier,
Dumfries's pipier :
Young John, fy ! fy !
Old John, ay, ay.

On Laird M'NEAR.

HERE lies the corps of Laird M'Near,
Who left his gear to Hewie Blair ;
He liv'd a fool, and dy'd a beast,
And we're come here to his last feast.

Oh ! Oh ! hon !

On JOHN DAVIDSON in Aberdeen.

HERE lies John Davidson,
Burgess Abredonnensis ;
Who builded this church-dyke,
Upon his own expences.

On an old Woman.

HERE lies an old woman wrapt in her linen,
Mother to James and Thomas Binnin ;

Who

Who for want of a coffin was buried in a girdel;
The earth got the shell, and the devil got the kernel.

The Character of a PRISON,

A Prison is a house of care,
A place where none can thrive,
A touch stone for to try a friend;
A grave to one alive;
Some times a place of right,
Some times a place of wrong,
Some times a place for whores and thieves,
And honest men among.

The Merry Wives of MUSSELBURGH'S Welcome to MEG DICKSON.

*O qualis hic burly burly fuit,
Si forte vidisset.*

POLEM. MID.

I.

THAT day when MEG tair talle got,
Wi' Hangie's beads about her throat;
Three clav'ring carlings o'er their pot,
A' spewing fou,
Whing'd when they thought on Maggie's trot
Down the West-bow.

II.

The auldest cummer of the three;
(Born whan the English took Dundee)
Cry'd, shame light on that lown-like tree,
Plays sic foul tricks:
De'il nor it were hewn down for me,
to puddin' pricks.

III.

What's come of a' our witches now,
I'm sure we ha' a gay large crew,

D

Wha'

Wha' like a string of wild-geese flew,
 Last Hallow-e'en,
 And made my skin baith black and blue,
 Fell'd titty Jean.

IV.

They say auld Nick commands the air;
 Whan drunken Maggie's hanging there,
 Not for to help her were unfair:
 Pox tak' such de'ils,
 To let Dalgliesh, O dole and care,
 Pow down her heels.

V.

Had a' the wives that carry creels,
 Gutsters, and we wha spin on wheels,
 At brake o' day made supple heels,
 Ta'en her awa',
 Fra' the cheese laist near to St. GILES,
 We'd mock'd the law.

VI.

But now 'tis e'en o'er late I think,
 Besides, I've got nine drops of drink;
 I'm fitter for to take a wink
 O' sleep, I trow;
 And Bessie, ye ha' got a blink:
 Confess ye're fow.

VII.

Thrice Bessie farted, gae a rift,
 Rubbing her head was out of tist;
 And syne her words fell down like drift,
 Blatter'd like hail,
 Quo' she, I've sa'n upon a shift,
 And scratch'd her tail.

VIII.

Ken ye the Shetlan-cockle shell,
 I mind I brought it hame mysell,
 Gi'en by the auld good man in hell,
 He's kind to me;
 Frae a' the boats it bears the bell,
 E'er crost the sea.

IX.

IX.

At our new key I'll shipping tak,
And if I bring blyth Maggie back,
I think a' Mulsleburgh may crak,

And Fisher-row;

Grissie, ride ye upo' my back,

And we'll awa.

X.

JEAN JAP who lives in Pittenweem,
I saw her last night in a dream,
Upon a hoast will to us sweem,

Like Cu'rofs-cat,

She from a rape draws milk and cream

Will fill a pat.

XI.

We'll dance upon the ladder top,
Whan Hangie puts MEG in the rope;
To his design we'll put a stop,

And glammer cast;

That she's could dead the carle will hope,

And breath'd her last.

XII.

And when Dalgliesh cuts Maggie down,
My boat shall bear her thro' the town,
To the wind-mill, and there will soon

Start up a cart,

My boat will neither break nor drown,

I hae sic art.

XIII.

Carlin ca' a' your cummers in,
And be upon a merry pin,
At night we shall hae a fou skin,

And merry grow,

Whan I bring Maggie to her kin,

Frae Hangie's tow.

XIV.

Syne baith evanish'd in the air,
And lucky saw their face nae mair,

But heard their aise gie sic a rair,

Blaw throw the links;

The blast turn'd a' the pewther-ware

Down frae the binks,

XV.

At night when tutors leave their lings,

And bairns come laden hame with fingles,

And auld-wives kindle up their ingles,

To last till ten,

Luckie heard a' the doors gie gingles,

Sae they came ben.

XVI.

Saying, Swith to the door, and meet

MEG DICKSON in her winding sheet;

Nae wonder that she has fair feet,

And gangs nae fast :

Good faith she's got an unco' heat.

But now 'tis past.

XVII.

Luckie out o'er the threshie goes,

There t'es her shoen, draws up her hose,

Puts spectacles upon her nose,

But, e'er she wist,

Couped, because she'd got a dose,

O'er Maggie's kist.

XV:11.

O dole, she cries, I hae nae pith,

I've dung my thigh-bane out of lith,

The meikle De'il take her with

His cloven feet ;

For forty days, I'll gie my aith,

I winna' eat.

XIX

But when she saw the milk white ghast,

She gather'd up her heels in haste,

Fell in a gutter to the waist,

There lay again ;

Quoth she, was ever ane sae taist?

I scarce dow grain.

XX.

XX.

Maggie said, and she spake nae joke,
 Cummer, I think my heart's half broke;
 This day I've been wi' fashious folk,
 As e'er I saw;
 They brought me in an unco' lock,
 Wae worth them a'.

XXI.

They sang kirk-tunes, and gart me dance,
 Fean nor they were a' sent to France,
 Until I fell into a trance,
 Could be their cast;
 I cannot tell you how to scance
 On a' that's past.

XXII.

I trow to be with them's nae mows;
 I took them a' for worry-cows;
 Sair did my heart fa' in the hows,
 Lap aff the flak,
 I di'nae loe their powder'd pows,
 Plague on the pack.

XXIII.

They bade me ay make clear confession;
 And tald me of my great transgression;
 It was an unco' kind of session,
 Sib to auld nick:
 I never met wi' sic oppression,
 Since I was quick.

XXIV.

Before I were wi' them, I swear,
 I'd rather drink dub-water here;
 They've got a lang toom wooden mare
 To dance upon:
 And wha's their chaplain, will you hear,
 Our ain Mefs John.

XXV.

I loe Mefs John, Lord len him heal,
 Altho' I hinna' meikle skill,

I think he preaches unco' well ;

Well may he be :
But frae yon hearers, and the de'il,
The Lord keep me,

XXVI.

To clim yon stair is nae sma' task,
As high's the kirk of Innerask ;
And o'er my face they drew a mask,

I cou'd nae see,
And then the beadle came to ask,
Ye'll pardon me,

XXVII.

Whan near the tap of a' the tree,
As if they cry'd, come a' to me ;
Danfily cheek for chew fat we,

As we'd been great,
Wha then could thought we wad na gree ?
But bide ye yet,

XXVIII.

Shame fa' the carle's chafts that spake it,
I'm sure yon folk's gane a' distracted,
He gave me sic a dev'lish racket,

That o'er flew I ;
I spake nae mair than our salt-backit,
And dought nae cry,

XXIX.

He flighter'd every arm and leg,
And made a noise o' war of MEG,
O ! but I gat a desperate fleg,

Pat me half daft ;
I vow I'd rather gang and beg,
Than feel his craft.

XXX.

At first I wonder'd what he mean'd,
Nae pity shaw'd when I complain'd ;
But then he girnt like a hell-feind,

And o'er me thrēw :
Wow but he be an ill back-friend
At shuggie-shew.

XXXI.

XXXI.

But I wan aff by mights of Marie,
 I thought it dang'rous for to tarrie,
 'Tis war nor playing at blin' Harie,
 And time to flee ;
 E'en let them make a firie farie,
 They'll no catch me.

XXXII.

Then Bessie mumbled with her lips,
 And crawl'd, and cry'd, and claw'd her hips,
 For no gear would I born your snips,
 It was unlucky ;
 But sen your gotten out o's grips,
 Gie John a bucky.

XXXIII.

Draw in the creepie and sit down,
 There's reaming scuds come to the town,
 Aha, and there's come Eppie Brown ;
 Bang the bicker ;
 Ye winna hang, I fear you drown
 Among good lickier.

XXXIV.

Eppie first feign'd herself, and syne
 Cry'd, dare I trust my ain twa een !
 Wow, honest MEG, whare hae ye been.
 Among the gleds ?
 The wives are coming here bedeen,
 And bairns frae beds:

XXXV.

Come take a drink, and tell the way,
 Ye was ill guided, some folk say ;
 They set you ay to greet and pray ;
 The folk in black
 Flockt in upon ye, and ga'e ay
 A lang dry crack.

XXXVI.

Quoth MEG, when in yon cursed spot,
 Where never faul can win a groat,

Nane of them came to wet my throat,
 I could not make a better o't,
 Wi' pint or gill;
 I pray'd my fill.

XXXVII.

The red-coats drag'd me to red gowns,
 O! but they be a byke o' lowns,
 They're wat nor a' our Scots dragoons,
 Ay speaking law,
 I wad hae given fifty crowns
 To've been awa'.

XXXVIII.

A cheeld, ca'd Dempster, gae a rair,
 I wish that fallow ne'er speak mair,
 Fain wad I flung him o'er the stair,
 But e'er I kend,
 My spauls plaid quake, and a' my hair,
 Stood upon end.

XXXIX.

I thought, for a' the law they had,
 Really the men had a' gane mad,
 To make a poor thing's heart fae sad,
 As they made me;
 And put a life out, which I wad
 They cannot gie.

XL.

Out o'er the hallon keikt Nanse Blair,
 Cry'd, Cheat the woodie, are ye there,
 Ye're e'en the very wyle o' ware,
 An' sonsie dear,
 My heart's grown glad that was fu' fair,
 To see you here.

XLI.

Wha wad hae tald this yesternight,
 This day we wad seen sic a fight,
 We wadnae thought them very right
 In their noddle,
 We wad nae gi'en for you, poor wight,
 A bare boddle.

XLII.

XLII.

I mind a tale my grandam spake,
 We'll could the counthsome carling crack,
 Crosses that bring folk maist to wrack,
 Brings some sma' gain;
 Ye've got a new suit on your back,
 To make you fain.

XLIII.

A braw kist made be my half brither,
 I'd be half-hang'd for sic anither,
 For, if I may believe my mither,
 She swears to me,
 We drink sae fast with ane anither,
 We'll beggars die.

XLIV.

Now, Maggie, I'll harle in the stool,
 Although the sowin pat should cool,
 Fegs I could clatter here till Yule,
 And no think lang:
 MEG, tell me, ye've been at the school,
 Is't fair to hang?

XLV.

Quo MEG, let me my story tell,
 Soon as I frae the gallows fell,
 I came awa' in cockle shell,
 Which Bessie gave,
 'Tis better in Mussleburgh to dwell
 Nor a cauld grave.

XLVI.

Follow'd by mony a whore and bawd,
 And mony a murdering surgeon lad,
 They're perfect diels, war nor they're ca'd
 I'd fain been hame;
 I thought wi' knives and sheers they wad,
 Rip up my wame.

XLVII.

I took a rest at Pepper-mill,
 A het-pint and a double gill,

Indeed

Indeed it did not do me ill ;

Pate Purdie, wha has right good skill,
But meikle good ;
Of me drew blood.

XLVIII.

When I sat up upon the grafs,
Before them all upon my arse,
To see my blood, I must confess,
I was not fain ;
In hangie's greatest rope distress
I felt nae pain :

XLIX.

Syne I came unco' bravely hame,
Whan I gat sunkets in my wame ;
I'll tell ye a', and ne'er think shame,
Sae wad ye a' ;
Whan folks half-hang'd, wha can them blame,
To rin awa',

L.

Now cummers, sen I am come back,
E'en let us birl about our plack,
What wad I gi'en for sic a crack
Upo' the leather ?
I dinnae mind a word I spake
When in the teather,

EPILOGUE to MEG DICKSON'S Loup from the Ladder.

I.

THE Judges me condemned have,
And hither I am brought ;
I am not like to get reprieve,
But truly I am hought.

II.

And now I'm on the ladder set,
And hangie's standing by ;
No mercy I am like to get,
Now I must surely die.

III.

III.

Just now my one foot's turned out,
My other soon will follow,
Then hangman John gave out the shout,
The de'il confound the fellow.

IV.

And now I'm waving in the wind,
And from the world hurry'd ;
Good people take a care behind,
For now by Jove I'm worry'd.

A TALE of a MUIR-COCK.

FROM antient nest did spring a droll muir cock,
Who gravely preach'd to all the feather'd flock ;
Though he was known to be no bird of brains,
By lusty lungs he pick'd up wholesome grains.
The idiot birds did round their pastor throng,
And listen'd to his heather blither song.
Two nests he had, from whence he'd week'ly preach,
By law secur'd, and out of danger's reach.
Had not he said, that title to the crown
The eagle had, was just as bad's his own ;
Which being join'd with an-excessive drouth,
The sanhedrim of birds shut up his mouth.
Such was his drouth, he could have drunk the sea,
Though birds of grace should always sober be.
He never preach'd save at a river's brink,
Doub'd in his beak, and guzled down the drink.
He lost his text when on a naked rock,
But liquor put fresh spirits in the cock.
So lost his stipends, almost lost his breath,
For he lay hungry on the naked heath :
But driving wedlock with a fly muir hen,
Who cunning bad amongst the most of men ;
She was related to the birds of grandeur,
And beensh'd and peensh'd, and to each bush did wander ;
And cry'd and ly'd, till her rich friends did give
Fund for herself, and cock and pout to live :

Whilst

Whilst he through want and infamy was cross'd,
 Still thinking on the happy nests he lost;
 Sending addressees to the sacred train,
 That they'd repose him to these nests again,
 Which they rejected with a cold disdain.
 At last he plots with resolution stout
 A way to get rich husband to the pout;
 Intic'd a witless, young well feather'd bird,
 With many a silken and a sugar'd word,
 Till fuddl'd with intoxicating streams,
 His head's a float with airy am'rous dreams;
 Feeding and feasting on the pout's fair face,
 Said, reverend cock, pronounce the rites of grace;
 Who, like a grave and venerable cock,
 Did say the grace and made them married folk;
 Best the young birds and all the drunken gossips:
Fistula dulce canit, volucrem dum decipit auceps.

The TRIAL of the MUIR-COCK.

JUDGES. of old, amongst the feather'd flock,
 A diet held to try this mad muir-cock,
 Who stood indicted by a learn'd gormaw,
 The eagle's advocate and flisk of law:
 His crimes were very great and very gross,
 Enough to sink the muir, and blast the moss,

INDICTMENT.

MUIR COCK you stand accus'd of being a cheat,
 Using bad means to purchase drink and meat;
 Though you was early consecrate a priest,
 Sham'd godly birds: and turn'd a drunken beast.
 Deny'd the eagle's title to the crown;
 And from two rich well feather'd nests pull'd down;
 Was stigmatiz'd before the high sanhedrim,
 But their correction made you grow more slim.
 Of late you laid a most pernicious plot,
 For liquor to your all-devouring throat;
 By hellish arts your purpose brought about,
 Marry'd a simple bird to your suspected pout:

Though

Though she were virtuous, still it would be said,
 She had a pimping, though a preaching dad:
 Which being prov'd by verdict of assize,
 The pannel's either banished or dies.
 The jury gave a formidable stroke,
 And sentence thus went out against the cock.

The SENTENCE.

MUR COCK for this high aggravated crime,
 We banish you into a foreign clime.
 GLED, take him to the peak of Teneriff,
 There nail his foot; and to augment his grief,
 Set drink at distance from him for a mock,
 Till vultures wonder and devour the Cock.

LUCKY SPENCE'S LAST ADVICE.

THREE times the carlin grain'd and risted,
 Then frae the cod her pow she listid,
 In bawdy policy well giftid,

When she now faun
 That death nae langer wad be shifted,
 She thus began:

My loving lasses I maun leave ye,
 But dinnae wi' your greeting grieve me,
 Nor wi' your draunts and droning deave me,
 But bring's a gill;
 For faith, my bairns, ye may believe me,
 'Tis 'gainst my will.
 O, Black-ey'd Bess, and mim mou'd Meg,
 O'er good to work or yet to beg,
 Lay sunkets up for a sair leg,

For whan ye fail,
 Your face will not be worth a feg,
 Nor yet your tail.
 Whane'er ye meet a fool that's fow,
 That ye're a maiden gar him trow,
 Seem nice, but stick to nim like glew,
 And whan set down,
 Drive at the jango till he spew,
 Syne he'll sleep foun.

E

When

When he's a-sleep, then dive and catch,
His ready cash, his rings or watch :
And gin he likes to light his match

At your spunk-box,
Ne'er stand to let the fumbling wretch,
E'en take the pox.

Cleek a' ye can be-hook or crook,
Ripe ilka pouch free nook to nook,
Be sure to truff his pocket-book,

Saxty pound Scots
Is nae deaf nits : in little bouk

Lie great bank-notes.
To get amends of whinging fools,
That's frighted for repenting-stools,
Wha aften when their metal cools,

Turn sweir to pay,
Gar the kirk-boxie heal the dools,
Anither day.

But dawt red-coats, and let them scoup
Free, for the fou of cutty-sloop
To gie them up, ye need nae hope

E'er to do well ;
They'll rive your brats and kick your doups,
And play the de'il.

There's ae fair cross attends the craft,
That curs'd Correction house, where aft
Vile Hangie's taz your riggings fast

Makes black and blae,
Enough to put a bodie daft,
But what'll ye say ?

Nane gathers gear withouten care,
Ilk pleasure has of pain a share ;
Suppose then they should tirl ye bare,

And gar ye fike,
E'en learn to thole, 'tis very fair,
Ye're nibour-like.

Forby, my looves, count upo' losses ;
Your milk-white teeth, and cheeks like roses,

Whan

When jet-black hair, and brigs of noses,
Fa' down wi dads;

To keep your hearts up 'neath sic crosses,
Set up for bawds.

Wi' well criefh'd loofs I hae been canty,
Whane'er the lads wad fain hae faund ye;
To try the auld game Taunty Ranty,
Like coasfers keen,

They took advice of me your aunty,
If ye were clea.

Then up I took my filler ca',
And whistl'd ben whiles ane, whiles twa;
Round in his lug, that there was a
Poor country Kate,

As halefome as the well of Spaw,
But unco blate.

Sae when e'er company came in,
And were upo' a merry pin,
I flade away wi' little din,
And muckle wense,
Left conscience judge, it was a' ane
To lucky Spence.

My bennison come on good doers,
Who spend their cash on bawds and whores ;
May they ne'er want the wile of cures
For a fair snout ;
Foul fa' the quacks wha that fire smoors
And puts nae out.

My malison light ilka day
On them that drink and dinna pay,
But take a snack and rin away ;
May't be their hap,

Never to want a gonnohea,
Or rotten clap.

Lafs, gi'e us in anither gill,
A mutchken, jo, let's take our fill ;
Let death syne registrate his bill,
Whan I want sence ;

I'll slip away wi' better will,
Quo' Lucky Spence.

The WIFE'S TEARS.

DOLE, dole, dear cummers, dismal news !
 The webster lown's lost both his clews ;
 My lucky loom will idle be,
 For neither waft, nor warp has he.
 Oft has he stole to bring us pelf,
 But now the rogue steals from himself :
 Himself, quoth I, confound the villain,
 All that's his own's not worth a shilling :
 What signifies his heart and head ?
 No more than their's that's seven years dead :
 The loss of these I'd ne'er bewail,
 His only talent was——his tail ;
 And now, alake, alake, dear Kate,
 He's laid it on a pewther-plate.
 Wo to him and his bloody knife,
 A bonny breakfast to a wife.
 I must inter with grief and pain,
 The thing will never rise again ;
 For let him steal as fast's he can,
 He'll never make a standing man.
 Poor Dactylus, you'll soon be miss'd,
 I'll make you flannels and a chest ;
 Eury you at the martyrs tomb,
 As formerly in my own womb.
 When Cameronians come with groans,
 And sigh upon the martyrs bones,
 To mourn with them I will not fail,
 Upon my Cameronian's tail :
 Say Jenny, Bessy, Kate, and Ann,
 What shall be done to this base man ?
 Quoth Bessy, let us e'er we rise,
 Pronounce a verdict of affize ;
 Go take him to the West-brae-head,
 And stone the stoneless villain dead.
 Says Jenny, do not let us stone him,
 But all sit down and piss upon him ;

For

For since he's been such rogue and fool,
 To mangle thus the marriage-tool,
 Most just to put him to disgrace,
 Let's make a piss-pot of his face.
 Te he, quoth Ann and Katé, that's best,
 And we'll strone fine, among the rest :
 So let us take a hearty bicker,
 And that will make us piss the quicker.

The-CHARACTER of a GAUGER.

A GAUGER never can be call'd a fool,
 Since he doth all his actions by the rule ;
 And yet his judgment must be short abiding,
 Because his rule is very often sliding.
 By drinking ale he needs not be undone,
 Who gratis ev'ry day hath access to a tun ;
 May brandy drink, so long as he can stand,
 Who always hath a cooler near at hand :
 He's bound by law to break the Sabbath day,
 And either forfeit grace, or forfeit pay.

A Gauger is a strange surprising creature,
 A greater paradox is scarce in nature ;
 The more he gains, the less he hath to spare,
 He's always busy, and he's always bare.
 An officer the gauger calls himself,
 A noble guardian of the common-wealth !
 'Tis true that his commission's very broad,
 But his artillery is somewhat odd ;
 His pen's his pike, an English yard his sword,
 Charges with paper guns ; and in a word,
 He neither deals in powder nor in lead,
 And yet effectually he makes us bleed ;
 He exercises every night and day,
 And his reward is—Dutch lieutenant's pay.
 But ah, such treatment is not to be born !
 Pierces the breast of Sir John Barley-corn.
 'Tis true, Sir John hath crimes cannot be hid,
 More men hath slain than e'er prince Eugene did ;

Tho' some by him are ev'ry day cut down,
He never gets remission from the crown.

Five humdrum tyrants hold a martial court,
Daily to hear the general report,
How his subalterns manage their affair,
Who keeps and breaks the articles of war;
Whilst the poor people are made fordid slaves,
And sink beneath the tyranny of knaves.

ELEGY ON LUCKY WOOD in the CA-
NONGATE, May 1717.

O Cano'gate! poor elritch hole,
What lose, what crosses dost thou thole;
London and death gars thee look droll,
And hing thy head,
Wow, but thou has e'en a cauld coal
To blaw indeed!

Hear me, ye hills, and every glen,
Ilk craig, ilk cleugh, and hollow den,
And echo shrill, that a' may ken
The waefou thud!

By rackleß death, who came unseen
To Lucky Wood..

She's dead o'er true, she's dead and gane,
Left us and Willie burd alane,
To bleer and greet, to sob and mane,
And rug our hair,
Because we'll ne'er see her again,
For evermair.

She gaed as fait as a new prin,
And kept her houßly snod and been;
Her pewther glanc'd upo' your een
Like siller plate;

She was a donsy wife, and clean,
Without debate..

It did ane good to see her stools,
Her board, fire-side, and facing-tools;

Rax, chandlers, tangs, and her fire-shools,
Basket wi' bread ;

Poor facers now may chew pea-hools,
Since Lucky's dead.

She ne'er ga' in a lawin fause,
Nor stoups a' froath aboon the hause,
Nor kept dow'd tip within her waws,
But reaming swats ;

She never ran sour jute, because
It gi'es the bats.

She had the gate fae well to please,
With gratis beef, dry fish, or cheese,
Which kept our purses ay at ease,
And health in tist,

And lent her fresh nine-gallon trees,
A hearty lift.

She ga' us aft hail legs of lamb,
And did nae hain her mutton-ham ;
Then ay at Yule, whane'er we came,
A bra goose-pye ;

And was nae that good belly-baum ?
Nane dare deny.

The writer lads fou well may mind her,
Furthy was she ; her luck design'd her
Their common mither, sure nane kinder
Ever brake bread ;

She has na' left her maik behind her,
But now she's dead.

To the sma' hours we aft sat still,
Nick'd round our toasts and snishing mill ;
Good cakes we wanted ne'er at will,
The best of bread,

Which aften cost us mony a gill,
To Aikenhead.

Could our faut tears like Clyde down rin,
And had we cheeks like Corra's lin,
That a' the warld might hear the din
Rair frae ilk head ;

She was the wale of a' her kin,
But now she's dead.

O LUCKY WOOD ! 'tis hard to bear
The loss ; but oh ! we maun forbear ;
Yet fall thy memory be dear
While blooms a tree,
And after ages bairns will speir
Bout thee and me.

E P I T A P H.

Beneath this sod
Lies Lucky Wood,
Whom a' men might put faith in:
Who was na' sweir,
While she winn'd here,
To cram our wames for naething.

The Character of a VINTNER.

YE sons of Sodom, perverse hellish race !
Behold the ugly features of your face,
And set this picture up in every room,
To see your sin, and your eternal doom.
It puzzles some, but never puzzled me,
What was the fruit on the forbidden tree ;
Divines have laid it out in diff'rent shapes,
But I maintain it was a bunch of grapes,
With which the devil fuddled the first madam,
And, drunken dame, she did the same to Adam :
So drinking was the crime procur'd the fall,
Runs in a blood ; for drinking damns us all.
The patriarch Noah, grew a vintner too,
Drunk claret-wine till he begun to spew,
So water drown'd th' old world, and claret drown'd
the new.

What makes the Alcor'n's doctrine so prevail?
An undigested and a clumsy tale!
Why, it prohibits vintners and the wine,
So piety in ev'ry Turk doth shine;
'Tho' th' Alcor'n's gross, and never had pretence,
For to beguile a man of common sense.

What

What makes the true religion we embrace,
Splinter'd in factions, to our deep disgrace?
What tarnishes our creed was once our glory?
What made distinctions 'twixt the whig and tory?
Why, they were hatched by drinking at the ion;
A Vintner's Antichrist, the very man of sin.
From whence comes murders, oaths, and desolation,
And all the plagues e'er sunk a sinful nation?
What makes the rake, the gamester and the whore?
What makes our ancient families so poor?
What peoples hell, and makes an heav'n thin?
'Tis midnight-drinking, that's the damnded sin.
'Ere drinking had our constitution broke,
And men, like goats, did simple on the rock,
Men did out-live the eagle and the oak;
No druggist's mortar toll'd the funeral bell;
No macers lungs did bawl the rolls of hell;
Nor did the butchers mangle down the beast;
Nor yet deluded by designing priest:
But when the vintner did hang out his sign,
The world grew sunk in vice and claret-wine.

ELEGY on MAGGY JOHNSTON, who
died *anno* 1711.

AULD Reeky mourn in sable hue,
 Let fouth of tears dreep like May-dew,
 To bra' nippony bid adieu,
 Which we with greed,
 Bended as fast as she could brew,
 But ah! she's dead.
 To tell the truth now, Maggy dang,
 Of customers she had a bang;
 For lairds and futers a' did gang,
 To drink bedeem;
 The barn and yard was aft sae thrang,
 We took the green.
 And there by dizens we lay down,
 Syne sweetly ca'd the healths a-roun.

Ae simmer night I was sae fu',
 Amang the riggs I gaed to spew,
 Syne down on a green bank I trow,
 I took a nap,
 And fought a night Balillilu,
 As sound's a tap.
 And when the dawn begoud to glow,
 I hirsled up my dizzy pow,
 Frae 'mang the corn like worry-kow,
 Wi' banes fu' fair,
 And kend nae mair than if a ew,
 How I came there,
 Some said it was the pith of broom,
 That she stow'd in her masking loom,
 Which in our heads rais'd sic a foam,
 Or some wild seed,
 Which aft the chappin stoup did toom,
 But fill'd our head,
 But now since 'tis sae that we must
 Not in the best ale put our trust,
 But when we're auld, return to dust,
 Without remead;
 Why should we take it in disgust,
 That Maggy's dead.
 Of warldly comforts she was rife,
 And liv'd a lang and hearty life,
 Right free of care, or toil, or strife,
 Till she was stale;
 And kend to be a kanny wife
 At brewing ale.
 Then farewell Maggy dowse and fell,
 Of brewers a' thou bore the bell;
 Let a' thy gossies yelp and yell,
 And, without feed,
 Guess whether ye're in heaven or hell,
 They're sure ye're dead.

EPI T A P H.

O rare MAGGY JOHNSTON!

The

The Character of a WHIPMAN.

A Whipman is the greatest prince of nature,
 He hath a vast dominion o'er the creature.
 The stately steed which proudly spurns the ground,
 Rushes in battle at the trumpets sound;
 With nostrils breathing war disdains to yield,
 Trampling on conquering captains in the field,
 Is to the whipman humble as a sheep,
 Obeys the awful language of the whip.
 No trade or science can such glories plead,
 Honours are heap'd upon the whipman's head.
 In this consists the majesty of kings,
 The subj-ct draw, the sovereign guides the reins;
 And when the restive vassals will not draw,
 Doth boldly lash them with the whip of law.
 The whipman's yet more glorious and great,
 He guides the men who guide the helm of state.
 A king wont trust the peerage of a nation,
 Without the tedious oath of abjuration;
 But when the whipman guides him, he's secure,
 And puts his royal person in his power.
 Spokes of a wheel are in perpetual motion,
 Fit emblems of the reeling of a nation.
 Pray, for our king all loyal souls may rise,
 And get the whip hand of his enemies;
 Prosperity your good designs attend,
 And drive you all unto an happy end.

INSCRIPTION in the CARTERS Hall
in LEITH.

GREAT God, whose potent arm does drive the sun,
 Thee Cartys bless whilst wheels of time shall run:
 Of old they drove thy sacred ark, O God,
 Guide thou their hands and steps in ev'ry road.
 Protect this house they dedicate to thee,
 Increase and sanctify their charity.
 Thy blessing, Lord, be its foundation-stone,
 And they'll ascribe the praise to thee alone.

ELEGY

ELEGY ON JOHN COUPER, Kirk-treafurer's Man, *Anno* 1714.

I Warn you a' to greet and drone,
 John Couper's dead, ohon! ohon!
 To fill his post alake there's none,
 That with sic speed,
 Could sa'r sculdudry out like John,
 But now he's dead.
 He was right knacky in his way,
 And eydent baith by night and day,
 He wi' the lads his part could play,
 When right fair fled;
 He gart them good bill filler pay,
 But now he's dead.
 Of whore-hunting he got his fill,
 And made by't mony a pint and gill;
 Of his bra' post he thought nae ill,
 Nor did na need,
 Now they may make a kirk and mill
 O't, since he's dead.
 Although he was nae man of weir,
 Yet mony ane wi' quaking fear,
 Durst scarce afore his face appear,
 But hide their head;
 The wily carl he gather'd gear,
 And yet he's dead.
 Ay now to some part far awa',
 Alas! he's gane and left it a',
 May be to some sad whilly-wha
 O' fremit blood,
 'Tis an ill wind that does na blaw
 Somebody good.
 Fy upon death! he was to blame,
 To whirl aff John to his lang hame;
 But tho' his arse be cald, yet fame,
 Wi' tout of trumpet,
 Shall tell how Couper's awfu' name,
 Cou'd flee a strumpet.

He kend the bawds, and lowns fu' well,
 And where they us'd to rant and reel,
 He pawkily on them could steal,

And spoil their sport,
 Aft did they wish the meikle de'il

Might tak him for't.

But ne'er a ane of them he spar'd,
 Even tho' there was a drunken laird,
 To draw his sword, and make a faird

In their defence ;

John quietly pat them in the guard,

To learn mair sense.

There maun they lye till sober grown ;
 The lad neist day his fault maun own ;
 And to keep a' things hush and lown,

He minds the poor ;

Syne after a' his ready's floun,

He damns the whore,

And she, poor jade, withoutten din,

Is sent to Leith-wynd fit to spin,

With heavy heart and cleathing thin,

And hungry wame,

And ilka month a well paid skin,

To make her tame.

But now they may scour up and down,
 And safely gang their wa'ks a-roun,
 Spreading the clap through a' the town,

But fear or dread,

For that great kow to bawd and lown,

John Couper's dead.

Shame fa' your chandler chafts, O death !

For flapping of John Couper's breath ;

The loils of him is public skaith ;

I dare well say,

To quat the grip he was right laith

This mony a day.

POSTSCRIPT.

Of umquhile John to lie or ban,
 Shews but ill-will, and looks right shan ;

But

But some tell odd tales of the man,
 For fifty head
 Can gi'e their aith they've seen him gawn
 Since he was dead.
 Keek but up through the stinking stile,
 On Sunday morning, a wee while,
 At the kirk-door, out frae an isle,
 It will appear ;
 But take good tent ye dinna file
 Your breiks for fear.
 For well we wat it was his ghaist ;
 Wow, wad some fowk, that can do't best,
 Speak till't, and hear what it confest ;
 'Tis a good deed,
 To send a wandering faul to rest
 Among the dead.

The Zealous CONSTABLE.

A Zealous brother of the canting crew,
A sabbatarian, stiffer than a Jew,
Who thinks hypocrisy a gospel creed,
And solid piety but a legal weed.
On his reforming survey, Sabbath last,
(He'll turn that festival into a fast,)
Seiz'd on a juicy joint of roasted meat,
And bid the graceless owner chew the spit,
Ungracious man! I'll execute the law,
And keep it to my own spiritual maw.
The plunder'd person staring in his face,
Cry'd, Twenty de'ils gae down, make that the grace.
The seizure's made, O! then he gravely says,
For when he robs he penitently prays,
Ale drinking's a sad sin, but none of mine;
The spirit rises better with good wine.
There's yet another sin which much prevails,
Women on Sabbaths bearing milking-pails;
Elders and deacons, tho' the churches prop,
Had never courage yet to seize a stoup.

Off'cer, go take the milk from yon milk-maids,
And poid their pinner, since they have no plaids.
The beadle said, before he made them stand,
This holy work will sour upon our hand.

But he chastis'd a worse transgression yet ;
This holy man is for his office fit :
People prophane, whose tongue are Satan's swords,
Transmit their venom to their bairns and birds.

A starling, hatch'd in some malignant nest,
Had learn'd a song which should not be express :
Thrice with his baton did he touch the cage,
And roaring forth, like doctor on a stage,
Cries, O thou art a mad malignant bird,
To sing a song that's treason every word !
Had ye been taught by me, a Bow-head saint,
You'd sung the solemn league and covenant ;
Bully of Lanerk, or the last good night ;
But you're a bird prelatie, that's not right ;
You have a breath that doth pollute the air,
You turn a tory tune into a Sabbath pray'r.
You have been bred by that malignant lown,
Dean of Dumblain, I seiz'd upon his gown.
Go, take it to the guard, and owner both,
Until they swear the abjuration-oath ;
Compear before the constables and session,
And make an ample and sincere confession.
These starlings are an unco kind of folk ;
This is a rebel worse than the muir-cock.
O cou'd my baton reach the lav'rocks too,
They're chirping Jamy, Jamy, just like you.
I hate vain birds that lead malignant lives,
But love the chanters to the Bow-head wives.

The captain smil'd to see the merry jest,
A well-bred bird mock'd by an ill-bred beast.

The LIFE and ACTS of, or an ELEGY ON PATIE BIRNIE.

*Thee famous fidler of Kinghorn,
Who gart the lieges gaaf and girn ay,*

Aft

*Aft till the cock proclaim'd the morn,
 Tho' baith his weeds and mirth were pirny;
 He rous'd the things were longest worn:
 The brown ale-barrel was his kirn ay,
 And faithfully he toom'd his horn;
 Sae can we say of PATIE BIRNIE.*

*And then besides his valiant acts,
 At bridals he wan mony placks.*

HAB. SIMPSON.

IN sonnet flee, the man I sing,
 His rare engine in rhyme shall ring;
 Who slaid the stick out o'er the string,
 With sic an art;
 Wha sang sae sweetly to the spring,
 And rais'd the heart.
 Kinghorn may rue the ruesu' day,
 That lighted Patie to his clay,
 Wha gart the hearty billies stay,
 And spend their cash,
 To see his snout, to hear him play,
 And gab sae gash.
 When strangers landed, wow sae thrang,
 Fussing and peghing he wad gang,
 And crave their pardon that sae lang
 He'd been a coming;
 Syne his bread-winner out he'd bang,
 And fa' to bumming.
 Your honour's father dead and gane,
 For him he first wad make his mane,
 But soon his face cou'd make you fain,
 When he did fough,
 O wiltu, wiltu do't again!
 And grain'd and leugh.
 This sang he made frae his ain head,
 And eke the auld man's mare she's dead,
 The peats and turfs and a's to lead;
 O fy upon her!
 A bonny auld thing this indeed,
 An't like your honour.

After ilk tune he took a sowp,
 And bann'd wi' vir the corky coup,
 That to the Papists country scoup,
 To lear ha ha's!
 Frae chiels that sing, hap, flap and loup,
 Wanting the b—s,
 That beardless capons are na men,
 We by their fozie springs might ken!
 But ours, he said, cou'd vigour len
 To men o' weir;
 And gar them stout to battle stien'
 Withoutten fears.
 How first he practis'd, ye shall hear;
 The harn-pan of an umquhile mare
 He strung, and strack sounds fast and clear
 Out o' the pow,
 Which fir'd the faul, and gar'd the ear,
 With gladness glow.
 Sae some auld-gabbed poets tell,
 Jove's nimble son and lackey snell,
 Made the first fiddle of a * shell;
 On which Apollo,
 With meikle pleasure play'd himsel',
 Baith jig and solo.
 O Johnny Stocks! What comes of thee?
 I'm sure thoult break thy heart and die,
 Thy Birnie gane, thoult never be
 Nor blyth, nor able
 To shake thy short houghs merrily,
 Upon a table.
 How pleasant was't to see thee diddle,
 And dance sae finely to his fiddle,
 With nose-forgainst a lass's middle;
 And briskly brag,
 With cutty steps to ding their striddle,
 And gar them fag?
 He catch'd a crielshy webster lown,
 At runcling of his deary's gown,

And

* *Tuque testudo resonare septem,
 Callida nervis.*

HOR.

And wi' a rung came o'er his crown,
For being there ;
But Starker's thrumbs got Patie down,
And knooft him fair.
Wae worth the dog, he maist ha' fell'd him,
Revengfu' Pate aft green'd to geld him,
He aw'd amends, and that he tell'd him,
And bann'd to do't,
He took the tid, and fairly fell'd him,
For a recruit.
Pate was a carle of canny sense ;
And wanted ne'er a right bein spence,
But laid up dollars in defence
'Gainst eild and gout ;
Well judging gear in future tense,
Cou'd stand for wit.
Yet prudent fowk may tak the pet ;
Anes thrawart porter wad na let
Him in, while latter meat was het ;
He gaw'd fu' fair,
Flang in his fiddle o'er the yate,
Whilk ne'endid mair.
But profit may arise frae loss,
Sae Pate gat comfort by his cross ;
Soon as he wan within the close,
He doufly drew in,
Mair gear frae ilka gentle goss,
Than bought a new ane.
When lying bedfast sick and fair,
To parish priest he promis'd fair,
He ne'er wad drink fu' ony mair ;
But hale and tight,
He prov'd the auld man to a hair,
Strut ilka night.
The haly dad with care essays,
To wile him frae his wanton ways,
And tell'd him of his promise twice :
Pate answer'd clever,
" Wha tents what people raving says,
When in a fever ? "

At

At Bothwel-brig he gaed to fight,
 But being wise as he was wight,
 He thought it shaw'd a faul but slight,
 Daftly to stand,
 And let gun-powder wrang his sight,
 Or fiddle-hand.
 Right paukily he left the plain,
 Nor o'er his shoulder look'd again,
 But scour'd o'er moss and muir amain,
 To Reeky straicht,
 And tauld how mony Whigs werè slain,
 Before they faught.
 Sae I've lamented Patie's end;
 But lest your grief o'er far extend,
 Come dight your cheeks, your brows unbend,
 And lift your head;
 For to a' Britain be it kend,
 He is not dead.

A Dialogue betwixt a MALT-MAN and an EXCISE-MAN.

FLUSH'D with a double draught of double strong,
 A merry malt-man took his morning song;
 Blyth as the lark chants to the rising morn,
 Sung to the praise of sir John Barleycorn:
 He views the swelling steep, and is well pleas'd,
 The font where sir John Barleycorn's baptis'd;
 Gives him fresh liquor, since his old is stale,
 Knowing he'll pay him back in humming ale;
 Surveys his circuit in its breadth and length,
 And laughs to see him quicken into strength:
 Then to the kill, his altar, doth retire,
 Where he, like Ceres' priest, keeps a perpetual fire;
 Upon his bed of straw makes him ly snug,
 And clothes him with a covenanted rug,
 The kirk's hair gown, and by that weed's foretold,
 He'll prove a lusty sinner when he's old.
 Back to the floor returns, takes a new broom,
 And, like a faithful keeper, sweeps the room:

Toil'd

Toil'd with his morning task, lies down to rest,
Making a pillow of his master's breast.
Scarce has he sunk to downy sleep, when he
Is rous'd from dreaming by a turning key,
And voice of bully from a foreign land,
Come to sir John, to gauge his stock in hand :
The figur'd tap flies from Pandora's box,
Worse than the plague, the pestilence, or pox ;
Draws out an English yard, and at the length,
Measures his breadth, his thickness and his strength ;
Stop, stop, ye English-taylor, maltman cries,
And reverence my master where he lies ;
An English suit was never on his back,
Naked at home, abroad he wears a sack.
D——n your b——d, bugar Scot, quoth English Tom,
Who was an honest highway-man at home,
I'm servant to old England, and by Gad,
We'll gauge sir John, and starve him out of trade ;
We'll levy taxes by a powerful host,
Go you complain unto Belhaven's ghost.
May neither oats nor oxen grace your ground,
Or plants or eatables with you be found ;
May lice and mange suck and corrupt your blood,
And you, unfed, yourself be vermin's food,
Till you herd English hogs, thro' want of bread,
And nought but English laws be read by-north the Tweed.
Who can describe the mournfu' Maltman's case,
Who saw old Tyburn in his English face ?
Three times he knock'd his heart, which sunk like lead,
And thrice the scoop he flourish'd round his head.
Kicking the besom, round the floor he ran,
And threw a firlof at the gauging-man ;
Whilst peats, like hail-stones, flew upon his hide,
Cry'd, Devil steep you English rogues in Clyde ;
And when you've got sufficient of the steep,
A last of Devils rot you in the heap ;
And work you thro' their floor with hellish skill,
Then dry you on their ever-burning kill.
Six times he groan'd and fell upon sir John,
Said, O my dear dead master ! art thou gone ?

Ah !

Ah! how can we survive thy fatal fall,
 Thou universal parent of us all?
 Sucking thy blood, we spent the merry hours;
 Thy blood was consubstantiate with ours;
 Our mother's milk was soon expell'd by thine,
 A liquor scarce inferiour to wine;
 Each mouth, with pleasure, gap'd to let thee in;
 The nation was thy flesh, thy blood, thy near a-kin.
 Glasgow, with tears, lament thy rigid fate,
 From glory tumbl'd to a wretched state;
 Thy ships like woods danc'd on the wat'ry brime,
 To fetch the Indies to our native clime;
 From foreign ports no more thy vessels come,
 And sir John Barlycorn now dies at home.
 Ah! Glasgow, what's thy guilt, what makes thee poor?
 Is it for bearing arms at Sheriff-muir;
 Without pay, fighting for a foreign prince?
 A very fine reward he's gi'n you since!
 Weeping he threw himself upon sir John,
 Saying, I'll write thy Epitaph on stone.

SIR JOHN BARLYCORN'S EPITAPH.

AN old bold warrior lies within this clay,
 Who knock'd down thousand mortals in a day;
 At last, he was betray'd by treach'rous fallows,
 In the same way in which they murd'red Wallace:
 What guns could not perform, was done by vote,
 In killing him they cut the nation's throat.

The Life and Death of the PIPER of KILBARCHAN; OR,

*The EPITAPH of Habbie Simpson,
 Wha on his drone bore bonny flags,
 He made his cheeks as red as crimson,
 And bobbed when he blew his bags.*

KILBARCHAN now may say alas!
 For she hath lost her game and grace,
 Baith trixie and the maiden-trace.

But what remead,

For

For no man can supply his place,

Hab. Simpson's dead.

Now, who shall play, the day it daws?

Or, hunt up when the cock he craws?

Or, who can for our kirk-town's cause,

Stand us in stead?

On Bag-pipes now no body blaws,

Sin' Habby's dead.

Or who will cause our shearers shear?

Wha will bang up the brags of weir ?

Bring in the bells or good play meir,

In time of need?

Hab. Simpson could, what needs you spier?

But now he's dead.

So kindly to his neighbours neist,

At Beltan and St. Buchan's feast,

He blew, and then held up his breast,

As he were weid,

But now we need not him arrest,

For Habby's dead.

At fairs he plaid before the spearmen,

And, gaily graithed in their gear, men,

Steel bonnets, jacks and swords to clear them,

Like ony bead :

Now who shall play before sic weir men

Sin' Habby's dead?

At clark-plays when he wont to come,

His pipe play'd trimly to the drum,

Like bikes of bees he gar'd it bum,

And tun'd his reed ;

But now our pipes may a' sing dumb,

Sin' Habby's dead.

And at horse races mony a day,

Before the black, the brown and gray,

He gar'd his pipe when he did play,

Baith skirl and skreed ;

Now all such pastime's quite away,

Sin' Habby's dead.

He counted was a weild wight man,

● And fiercely at foot-ball he ran,

At

At ev'ry game the gree he wan,
 For pith and speed,
 The like of Habby was nae then,
 But now he's dead
 And then beside his valiant acts,
 At bridals he wan mony placks,
 He bobbed ay behind fowk's backs,
 And shook his head,
 Now we want mony merry cracks,
 Sin' Habby's dead.
 He was conveyer of the bride,
 With kittock hinging at his side,
 About the kirk he thought a pride,
 The ring to lead,
 But now we may gae but a guide,
 For Habby's dead.
 So well's he kepted his decorum,
 And all the stots of Whip-Meg-Morum,
 He slew a man, and wae's me for him,
 And bure the fead,
 And yet the man wan hame before him,
 And was not dead.
 Ay when he play'd the lasses leugh,
 To see him toothless auld and tough;
 He wan his pipes beside Porcleugh,
 Withoutten dread,
 Which after wan him gear enough,
 But now he's dead.
 Ay when he play'd the gaitlings gather'd,
 And when he spake the carle bledder'd,
 On sabbath days his cape was fedder'd,
 A seemly weed,
 In the kirk-yard his mare stood tedder'd,
 Where he lies dead.
 Alas ! for him my heart is fair !
 For of his springs I gat a skair,
 At ev'ry play, race, feast and fair,
 But guile or greed.
 We need not look for piping mair,
 Sin' Habby'e dead.

A TALE of a BEAU and a BARBER.

A Story reach'd my ears some days ago,
 Which happen'd 'twixt a barber and a beau.
 The fluttering fop came to get bare his chin,
 To kiss the softer at the secret sin.
 The shaver was a paddling clean his shop,
 Gave to his wife the razor and the soap,
 Who was a buxom frow, both blyth and fair,
 She trimm'd the youth and pulveriz'd his hair;
 And he, through kindness, like a bawdy beau,
 Did feel the buckle of her furbelow.
 Her husband heard a struggle with his wife,
 Came with the paddle to decide the strife,
 Repeated blows upon his beauthip's snout,
 Untill the blood as fast as oaths came out.
 He curs'd and cry'd, and to a surgeon fled,
 Relating all the villain barber did.
 Surpriz'd the surgeon says, "You scarce can stand,
 "What, had you ne'er a weapon in your hand?"
 My hand, quoth he, did with his wife's flesh meddle;
 But what was that, you blockhead, to a paddle?

On a MISER.

THESE fifty years I have been gath'ring gods,
 And pack'd them up as merchants do their loads.
 Some humble ones amongst old feathers lay,
 Whilst I to them did most devoutly pray.
 How could I think their godships long would lye,
 To whom I gave so many wings to fly?
 Others did lurk in stockings and old shoes;
 My paper deities were wrapt in clues.
 What feckless heav'n was mine I blush to tell,
 Ruffians broke up its gates with iron mell,
 And poynded all my gods, and sent myself to hell.
 I'd easy been, but I'm of all bereav'd,
 Whate'er became of me, had all my gods been sav'd.

G

The

The SELF-TORMENTOR.

THERE is a wretch, the greatest wretch alive,
 Eager for gold, yet wants the art to thrive.
 This devil of a man, with magic spell
 Torments himself and antedates his hell.
 Still pain'd with some imaginary loss,
 And he before he wants, will coin a cross.
 His mind and he are at perpetual strife,
 So loses all the sweets, and dear delights of life.
 A constant gloom sits on his lab'ring brow,
 He speaks in broken sentences to you.
 Five hundred pounds *per annum* gives this squire,
 Five hundred faggots to augment the fire.
 This hour he fears some charter has a flaw,
 Next session will be casten at the law.
 His infant heir will spend what he has gain'd,
 And thus, like Ixion, to the wheel he's chain'd.
 His growing girl will rob him of his pelf,
 And chuse some brawny bankrupt for herself,
 Perhaps his wife with horns will plant his head,
 And bastards shall succeed him when he's dead.
 Corns will be cheaper in the coming years,
 So he'll be ruin'd quite with modest fears.
 The reverse of good nature and good sense,
 Who will not trust a groat to providence.
 Happy the easy man devoid of care,
 Lives on his stock, and seeks supply by pray'r;
 By prudent methods seeks a fair estate,
 Nor doth he sink to meet with adverse fate.

The EDINBURGH MAID.

FEW of the grave and wise delight to go,
 And see vain plays, or idle puppet-show;
 But blooming youth, and those with age decay'd,
 Will flock to view this venerable maid;
 No German monster, ugly to the eye;
 Well shap'd, tho' she hath neither arm nor thigh.

Tho'

Tho' she wants feet, yet doth she run with speed;
 She hath no hands, and yet she kills men dead.
 The cockatrice kills with its eyes, they say,
 But she hath none, yet with her lips doth slay.
 She hath no teeth, yet feeds on bones and flesh,
 Her drink is blood, yet never did she pish.
 She hath no throat, and yet a very glutton,
 How does she gormandize a craig of mutton?
 No angry words doth either speak or write,
 Nor fight, but hath a most confounded bite;
 No party woman, and it is her glory,
 For equally she wounds the Whig and Tory;
 'Tis true her pride flies to the highest pitch,
 She kisses none except the great and rich;
 And they receive th' imperious MAID's embrace
 On bended knees, with rev'rence bow the face.
 Surely she hath a kindness to our nation,
 Who UNION hates; she's still for separation.
 Few maids there are, like her, upon the earth,
 Who never thought on marriage since her birth:
 Surely she is not sprung of Adam's seed,
 Who never sinn'd in thought, or word or deed.
 From whence can she such pow'rful influence draw?
 For faithfully she doth fulfil the law.
 Her father was a smith be-south the Tweed,
 And Halifax brought forth this cruel maid;
 When young, was courted by a Scottish peer,
 His lordship lov'd her well, and brought her here.
 Yet, ah! a very strange reward he got,
 The Jezabel kiss'd him, and cut his throat.
 Some do conclude, she's sorry for her sins,
 And now a life of penitence begins;
 For ev'ry time she goes to take the air,
 Pious divines are with her close at pray'r.
 Thrice fifty years ago this MAID was seen,
 Yet no more wrinkles hath than when fifteen.
 Her livery-man, and her lead-colour'd gown,
 Distinguish her from ladies of the town.
 Lying with her the bravest men have dy'd,
 Yet she's a MAID, which cannot be deny'd;

And most reclusely lives like any nun;
 For some years past she hath not seen the sun.
 You may go view her any hour of day,
 See all her trim, and only six pence pay:
 She lodges at the back of gold-smiths hall;
 Great is the wonder, and the payment small.

The Pretended TOWN-CRYER.

By a gentleman who borrowed the bell-man's cloak and bell, and rung, and repeated the verses as under, thro' the streets of Edinburgh, at four o'clock in the morning, May 10. 1720.

ALL you that in your beds do lie,
 Turn wame to wame and occupy;
 And when that you have done your best,
 Turn back to back and take your rest.
 Good morrow my masters all.

The LOST MAIDENHEAD.

WHY should I weep, why censur'd by the law,
 For losing of the thing I never saw?
 Robin, with whom I'm blam'd, dare freely say,
 Whate'er he gave, he nothing took away:
 How then can that be lost which none hath found,
 And neither is above nor yet below the ground?
 They say my market's made; but they are mad,
 For I have all the ware I ever had.
 The spot is extant, Robin's welcome there,
 He never did me harm, stole neither hide nor hair.

WILL. and MEG.

SINCE WILL and MEG are married
 And we're come here to dine;
 How comes there's neither sport nor play
 At such a joyful time:
 If ever music lawful was,
 'Tis on a wedding day.

Come

Come call the minstrels and the maids,
 Let them go dance and play.
 Our daddies danc'd ere we were born,
 So did our minnies too,
 'Twas ne'er forbidden, or yet forborn,
 But by the Whiggish crew ;
 Mels John forbad all dancing here,
 I grant 'tis very true ;
 But I have known him hear a tune,
 And pay the fidler too.
 Religion, joy and mirth allows,
 And heaven is melody :
 But sullen looks, and gloomy brows,
 Suit hell and Presbyt'ry.

Advice to the KING, 1532.

SAW not thy seed in Sandilands,
 Spend not thy strength on Weir,
 And ride not on an Eliphant,
 For galling of thy geir.

The COUNTRY WAKE,

At CHRISIT'S Kirk on the Green, 1434.

C A N T O I.

WAS ne'er in Scotland heard or seen
 Sic dancing and deray ;
 Nouthar at Falkland on the green,
 Nor Peebles at the play ;
 As was of woers, as I ween,
 At Christ's kirk on a day :
 There came our kitties washen clean,
 In new kirtles of gray,
 Fou gay that day.
 To dance these damosels them dight,
 Thir lasses light of laits,
 Their gloves were of the raffel right,
 Their shoon were of the straits ;

Their kirtles were of Lincome light,
 Well press'd with mony plaits :
 They were so nice, when men them nigh'd,
 They squeel'd like ony gait,

Fou loud that day.

Of all these maidens, mild as mead,

Was nane sae jimp as Gilly,
 As ony rose her rude was red,

Her lire was like the lilly ;

Fou yellow, yellow, was her head,

But she of love was silly ;

Though a' her kin had sworn her dead,

She wad have but sweet Willy,

Alane that day.

She scorned Jack, and scrap'd at him,

And murgeon'd him with mocks ;

He wad have loo'd, she wad na let him,

For a' his yellow locks ;

He cherish'd her ; she bad gae chat him,

Counted him not twa clocks ;

Sae shamefully his short gown set him,

His legs were like twa rocks,

Or rungs that day.

Tam Lutter was their minstrel meet,

Good Lord, how he could lance !

He play'd sae shrill and sang sae sweet,

While Tossie took a trance ;

Auld Lightfoot there he did forleet,

And counterfeited France :

He us'd himself as man discreet,

And up the morice-dance

He took that day.

Then Ste'en came steppand in with stends,

Nae rink might him arrest ;

Blairfoot did bob with mony bends,

For Maufe he made request :

He lap till he lay on his lends,

But rising was sae prest,

While that he-hosit at baith ends,

For honour of the feast,

And danc'd that day.

Syne Robin Roy began to revel,
 And Dawny to him rugged :
 Let be, quoth Jack, and ca'd him Jewel,
 And by the tail him tugged.
 Then Kenfie cleekit to a cavel,
 God wots, as they twa lugged !
 They parted manly on a nevel,
 Men say that hair was rugged

Between them twa.

Ane bent a bow, sic sturt did steer him,
 Great skaith was to have scar'd him,
 He chesit a flane that did affear him,
 Th' other said, diidum, dardum :
 Thro' baith the cheeks he thought to sheer him,
 Or through the arse have char'd him,
 B' an acre-braid it came na' near him,
 I canna tell what marr'd him,

Sae wide that day.

With that a friend of his cry'd, Fy !

And up an arrow drew,
 He forged it sae furiously,
 The bow in flinders flew :
 Sae was the will of God, trow I,
 For had the tree been true,
 Men said, wha kend his archery,
 That he had slain anew,

Belyve that day.

A yap young man that stood him neist
 Loos'd aff a shot with ire,
 He ettled the bairn in at the breast,
 The bolt flew o'er the byre ;
 Ane cry'd, Fy ! he has slain a priest
 A mile beyond a mire ;
 Then bow and bag frae him he keist,
 And fled as fierce as fire

Frae flint that day.

An hasty hensure called Hary,
 Wha was an archer, hynd
 Fit up a tackle withouten tarry,
 That torment sae him pyn'd ;

I watna' whether's hand did vary,
 Or the man was his friend,
 For he escap'd through might's of Mary,
 As ane that nae ill mean'd,

But good that day.

Then Laurie like a lion lap,
 And soon a flane cou'd fedder,
 He hecht to pierce him at the pap,
 Thereon to wed a wedder;
 He hit him on the wame a wap,
 It buff'd like ony bladder;
 But sae his fortune was and hap,
 His doublet made of leather,

Sav'd him that day.

The buff sae boisterously abais'd him,
 He to the earth dush'd down,
 The other man for dead there left him,
 And fled out of the town:
 The wives came forth and up they reft him,
 And fand life in the lown;
 Then with three routs on's arse they rais'd him,
 And cur'd him out of soun',

Frae hand that day.

With forks and flails they lent great flaps,
 And slang together like frigs,
 With bougers of barns they best blew caps,
 While they of bairns made brigs,
 The rair raise rudely with the raps,
 When rungs were laid on rigs,
 The wives came forth wi' cries and claps,
 See where my liking liggs

Fou low this day.

They girn'd and glowred a' at anes,
 Ilk gossip other grieved;
 Some strake with stings, some gather'd stanes,
 Some fled, and some reliev'd:
 The minstrel wan within twa wains,
 That day he wisely priev'd,
 For he came hame wi' unbruis'd banes,
 When fighters were mischieved

Fou ill that day.

Heich Hutcheon with a hazle-ric
 To redd can thro' them rummil;
 He maw'd them down like ony mice,
 He was nae petty Bummil:
 Tho' he was wight, he was na wice,
 With sic janglers to jummil;
 For frae his thumb they dang a slice,
 While he cry'd, Barlasummil,

I'm slain this day.

When that he saw his blood sae red,
 To flee might nae man let him;
 He ween'd it had been for auld feed,
 He thought, and bade have at him:
 He gar'd his feet defend his head,
 The far fairer it set him,
 While he was past out of all dread,
 He wad been swift that gat him,

Thro' speed that day.

The town-fouter wi' grief was bowden,
 His wife hang at his waist;
 His body was with blood a' browden,
 He girn'd like ony ghaist:
 Her glitt'ring hair that was so gowden
 So hard in love him laist,
 That for her sake he was na yowden,
 While he a mile was chas'd,

And mair that day.

The miller was of manly make,
 To meet him was nae mows;
 There durst nae tensome there him take,
 Sae noyted he their pows:
 The bushment hail about him brake,
 And bicker'd him wi' bows;
 Syne traiterously, behind his back,
 They hew'd him on the howes,

Behind that day.

Twa that were headsmen of the herd,
 On ither ran like rams;
 They follow'd, seeming right unfear'd,
 Beat on with barrow-trams:

But

But where their gabs they were ungear'd,
 They gat upon the gams,
 While bloody barken'd was ilk beard,
 As they had worried lambs,

Maist-like that day.

The wives kiest up a hideous yell,
 When all these yonkiers yoked;
 As fierce as flakes of fire flaught fell,
 Fricks to the field they flocked:
 The carles with clubs did others quell
 On breastis while blood out boaked;
 Sae rudely rang the common bell,
 That a' the steeple rocked,

For dread that day.

By this Tam Taylor was in's gear,
 When that he heard the bell,
 He said he should make all a-steer,
 When he came there himsell;
 He gaed to fight in sic a fear,
 While to the ground he fell,
 A wife that hat him on the ear
 With a great knocking mell,

Fell'd him that day.

When they had bier'd like baited bulls,
 And brain-wood brynt in bails;
 They were as meek as ony mules,
 That mangit are with mails:
 For faintness the forfoughten fools
 Fell down like slaughter'd fails;
 Fresh men came in, and hail'd the dools,
 And dang them down in dails

Bedeem that day.

Whan a' was done, Dick with an aix
 Came forth to sell a fiddler,
 Quoth he, where are yon hangit smaiks,
 That wad have slain my brither?
 His wife bade him gae hame, Gib Glaiks,
 And sae did Meg his mither;
 He turn'd, and gave them baith their paiks,
 For he durst ding nae ither

But them that day.

C A N T O II.

But there had been mair blood and skaith,
 Sair hardship and great spuilie,
 And mony a ane had gotten his death
 By this unfonsy tuilie,
 But that the bauld goodwife of Braith,
 Arm'd wi' a great kail-gully,
 Came belly-flaught, and loot an aith,
 She'd gat them a' be hooly
 Fou fast that day.

Blyth to win aff sae wi' hail banes,
 Tho' mony had clowr'd pows,
 And dragl'd sae 'mang muck and stanes,
 They look'd like worry-kows;
 Quoth some who maist had tint their eynds,
 Let's see how a' bowls rows,
 And quat this brulziment at anes,
 Yon gully is nae mows

Forsooth this day.
 Quoth Hutcheon, I am well content,
 I think we may do war;
 'Till this time towmond, I'se indent,
 Our claiths of dirt will far;
 Wi' nevels I'm amaisht fawn faint,
 My chafts are dung a-char:
 Then took his bonnet to the bent,
 And daddit aff the glar,

Fou clean that day,
 Tam Taylor, wha in time of battle
 Lay as gin some had fell'd him,
 Gat up now wi' an unco rattle,
 As nane there durst hae quell'd him:
 Bauld Bess flew to him wi' a brattle,
 And spite of his teeth held him
 Clos by the craig, and with her fatal
 Knife shor'd she would geld him,

For peace that day.
 Syne a' wi' ae consent shook hands,
 As they stood in a ring;

Some red their hair, some set their bands,
 Some did their fark-tails wring;
 Then for a hap upo' the hands
 They did their minstrel bring,
 Where clever houghs like willie wands,
 At a like blythsome spring,
 Lap high that day.

Claud Peki was na very blate,
 He stood na long a dreigh;
 For by the wame he gripped Kate,
 And gard her gie a skreigh.
 Had aff. quoth she, ye filthy slate,
 Ye stink o' leeks, O feigh!
 Let gae my hands, I say, be quiet:
 And wow gin she was skeigh,
 And mim that day!

Now settled gossies fat, and keen
 Did for fresh bickers birle;
 While the young swankies on the green
 Took round a merry tirl:
 Meg Wallet wi' her pinky e'en,
 Gar'd Laurie's heart strings dirle,
 And fowk wad threep that she did green
 For what would gar her skirl,
 And skreigh some day.

The manly miller, haff and haff,
 Came out to shaw good will,
 Flang by his mittens, and his staff,
 Cry'd, gi'e me Patie's mill:
 He lap bawk height, and cry'd had aff;
 They roos'd him that had skill;
 He wad do't better, quoth a calf,
 Had he another gill

Of U'squebae.
 Furth started neist a pensy blad,
 And ut a maiden took,
 They said that he was Falkland bred,
 And danced by the book;
 A souple Taylor to his trade,
 And when their hands he shook,

Ga'e them what he got frae his dad,
Videlicet the yuke,

To claw that day.

When a' cry'd out he did sae well,
 He Meg and Bess did call up;
 The lasses babb'd about the reel,
 Gar'd a' their burdies wallop,
 And swat like pownies when they speel
 Up braes, or when they gallop:
 But a thrawn knoblock hit his heel,
 And wives had him to hawl up
 Haff fell'd that day.

But mony a pauky look and tale,
 Gaed round when glomin hous'd them,
 The ostler wife brought ben good ale,
 And bad the lasses rouse them;
 Up wi' them, lads, and I'll be bail,
 They'll loo ye an ye touze them:
 Quoth Gawfy, that will never fail
 Wi' them that this gae woos them,
 On sic a day.

Syne stools and furms were drawn aside,
 And up raise Willy Dadle,
 A short hough'd man, but fu' o' pride,
 He said, the fidler play'd ill;
 Let's hae the pipes, quoth he, beside;
 Quoth a', that is na said ill.
 He fited the floor syne wi' the bride,
 To cutty-mun and tree-laddle,
 Thick, thick that day.

In the mean time came in the laird,
 And by some right did claim,
 To kifs and dance with Maufy Aird,
 A dink and dorty dame.
 But O poor Maufe was aff her guard;
 For back-gate frae her wame,
 Baikin, she loot a fearfu' raird,
 That gart her think great shame,
 And blush that day.

H

Auld

Auld Ste'en led out Maggy Forfyth,
 He was her ain good brither,
 And ilka ane was unco blyth,
 To see auld fouk sae clever.
 Quoth Jock, wi' laughing like to rive,
 What think ye o' my mither?
 Were my dad dead, let me ne'er thrive,
 But she wad get anither

Goodman this day.

Tam Lutter had a meikle dish,
 And betwixt ilka tune,
 He laid his lugs in't like a fish,
 And suck'd till it was done.
 His bags were liquor'd to his wish,
 His face was like a moon,
 But he cou'd get nae place to pish
 In, but his ain twa shoon,

For thrang that day,

The latter-gae of haly rhime,
 Sat up at the board head,
 And a' he said was thought a crime,
 To contradict indeed;
 For in clerk lear he was right prime,
 And could baith write and read,
 And drank sae firm till ne'er a styme
 He cou'd keek on a bead,

Or book that day.

When he was strute, twa sturdy chiels,
 Be's oxter and be's collar,
 Held up frae cowping o' the creels,
 The liquid logick scholar.
 When he came hame, his wife did reel,
 And rampag'd in her choler:
 Wi' that he brake the spinning-wheel,
 That cost a good rix-dollar,

And mair some say.

Near bed-time now ilk weary wight,
 Was gaunting for his rest;
 For some were like to tyne their sight,
 Wi' sleep and drinking strest:

But

But ithers that were stōmach-tight,
 Cry'd out, It was na best,
 To leave a supper that was dight,
 To brownies or a ghaist,

To eat that day.

On whomelt tubs lay twa lang dales,
 On them stood mony a goan,
 Some fill'd with brochen, some wi' kail,
 And milk het frae the loan.

Of daintiths they had routh and wale,
 Of which they were right fon;
 But naithing wad gae down but ale,
 Wi' drunken Donald Don,

The smith, that day.

Syne twice aught bannocks in a heap,
 And twa good junts of beef,
 Wi' hind and fore spaul of a sheep,
 Drew whittles frae ilk sheath.

Wi' gravie a' their beards did dreep,
 They kemped with their teeth,
 A kebbuck syne that maist cou'd creep
 Its lane, pat on the sheaf,

In flows that day.

The bride was now laid in her bed;
 Her left leg ho' was flung,
 And Geordie Gib was fidgeen glad,
 Because it hit Jean Gun;

She was his jo, and aft had said,
 Fy, Geordie, ha'd your tongue,
 Ye'll ne'er get me to be your bride,
 But chang'd her mind when bung,

That very day.

Tee he! quoth Touseie, when she saw
 The cathel coming ben;

It pyppin het gaed round them a',
 The bride she made a fen

To sit, in wyliecoat sae braw,

Upon her nether en:

Her lad like ony cock did craw,

That meets a clockin hen;
 And blyth were they.
 The fouter, miller, smith and Dick,
 Lau ie and Hutcheon bauld,
 Carles that ne'er kept very strict
 Be hours, though they were auld:
 Nor cou'd they e'er leave aff that trick,
 But whare good ale was fald,
 They drank a' night, e'en though Auld-nick
 Should tempt their wives to scald
 Them for't neist day.
 Was ne'er in Scotland heard and seen,
 Sic banqueting and drinking,
 Sic revelling and battles keen,
 Sic dancing and sic jinkin;
 And unco wark that fell'd at e'en,
 When lasses were half winking;
 They lost their feet and baith their e'en,
 And maiden-heads gaed clinkin
 Aff a' that day.

C A N T O III.

Now frae th' east nook of Fyfe the dawn,
 Speel'd westlins up the list,
 Carles wha heard the cock had crawn,
 Begoud to rax and rift;
 And greedy wives, wi' girning thrawn,
 Cry'd lasses up to thrust:
 Dogs barked, and the lads frae hand
 Bang'd to their breeks like drift,
 By break of day.
 But some who had been fu' yestreen,
 Sic as the letter-gae,
 Air up had nae will to be seen,
 Grudging their great to pay.
 But what's aft fristed's no forgi'en,
 When fowk has nought to say;
 Yet sweer were they to rake their e'en,
 Sic dizzy heads had they,
 And het that day.

Be that time it was fair fuir days,
 As fu's the house cou'd pang,
 To see the young fowk or they raise,
 Gossips came in ding dang,
 And wi' a soss aboon the claiths,
 Ilk ane their gifts down flang;
 Twall toop-horn spoons down Maggy lays,
 Baith meikle mou'd and lang,
 For kail or whey.

Her aunt a pair of tangs fush in,
 Right bauld she spake and spruce;
 Gin your goodman shall make a din,
 And gabble like a goose,
 Shorin, whan fu', to skelp your skin,
 Thir tangs may be of use;
 Lay them alang his pow or shin,
 Wha wins syne may make roose,
 Between you twa.

Auld Bessie, in her red coat braw,
 Came, wi' her ain oe Nanny,
 An odd like wife, they said that saw,
 A moupin runkl'd granny;
 She fley'd the kimmers ane and a',
 Word gaed she was na canny;
 Nor wad they let lucky awa',
 Till she was burnt with bran'y
 Like mony mae.

Ste'en fresh and fasten 'mang the rest,
 Came in to get his morning,
 Speir'd gin the bride had tane the test,
 And how she loo'd her corning?
 She leugh as she had found a nest,
 Said, Let a be your scorning.
 Quoth Roger, fegs I've done my best,
 To gi'e her a charge of horning,
 As well's I may.

Kind Kirsh was there, a canty lass,
 Black ey'd, black hair'd, and bonny;
 Right well red up, and jimp she was,
 And woers had fu' mony;

I watna how it came to pass,
 She cutled in wi' Johnny,
 And tumbling wi' him on the grass,
 Dang a' her cockernonny

A-jee that day.

But Maufe begrutten was and bleer'd,
 Look'd thowless, dowf, and sleepy;
 Auld Maggy kend the wyt, and sneer'd,
 Ca'd her a poor daft heepy:

'Tis a wise wife that kens her wierd,
 What though ye mount the creepy?
 There a good lesson may be lear'd;
 And what the war will ye be

To stand a day?

Or bairns can read, they first maun spell,

I learn'd this frae my mammy,
 And keist a lagen-girth my fell,

Lang or I married Tammie;
 I'll warrant ye have a' heard tell

Of bonny Andrew Lammie;
 Stiffly in loove wi' me he fell,

As soon as e'er he saw me;

That was a day.

Het drink, fresh butter'd cakes and cheese,

That held their hearts aboon,

Wi' clashes mingled aft wi' lies,

Drave aff the hale forenoon.

But after dinner, and ye please,

To weary not o'er soon,

We down to ev'ning edge wi' ease,

Shall loup, and see what's done

I' the doup o' the day.

Now what the friends wad fain be at,

They that were right true blue,

Was e'en to get their wysons wet,

And fill young Roger-fu':

But the bauld billy took his maut,

And was right stiff to bow;

He fairly gave them tit for tat,

And scour'd aff healths anew,

Glean out that day.

A creel bowt fou of meikle stains,
 They clinked on his back,
 To try the pith o's rigg and reins,
 They gar'd him cadge this pack.
 Now as a sign he had ta'en pains,
 His young wife was nae slack,
 To rin and ease his shoulder-banes,
 And sneg'd the raips fu' snack,
 Wi'er knife that day.

Syne the blyth carles, tooth and nail,
 Fell keenly to the wark,
 To ease the gantrees of the ale,
 And try wha was maist stark;
 Till boord and floor, and a' did fail
 Wi' spilt ale i' the dark;
 Gar'd Jock's fit slide, and like a sail,
 Play'd dad, and dang the bark
 Aff's shins that day.

The fouter, miller, smith, and Dick,
Et cæ'tra, closs fat cockin,
 'Till watted was baith cash and tick,
 Sae ill they were to flocken:
 Gaan out to pish, in gutters thick
 Some fell, and some gaed rockin;
 Sawny hang sneering on his stick,
 To see bauld Hutcheon bockin

Rain-bows that day.
 The smith's wife her black deary sought,
 And fand him skin and birn;
 Quoth she, this day's wark's be dear bought:
 He bann'd, and gae a girn;
 Ca'd her a jad, and said she might
 Gae hame and scum her kirn:
 Whisht, lathren, for gin ye say ought
 Mair, I'll wind you a pirn

To reel some day.
 Ye'll wind a pirn! ye silly snool,
 Wae worth your drunken faul,
 Quoth she, and lap in o'er a stool,
 And claught him by the spaul:

He shook her, and sware, meikle dool:

Ye's thole for this, ye scaul;
I'll rive frae aff your hips the hool,
And learn ye to be baul

On sic a day.

Your tippanizing, scant o' grace,

Quoth she, gars me gang duddy;
Our neighbour Pate sin break o' day's:
Been thumping at his study;

An it be true that some fowk says,
Ye'll girn yet in a woody;

Syne wi' her nails she rave his face,
Made a' his black beard bloody,

Wi' scarts that day.

A gilpy that had seen the faught,

I wat he was na lang,

Till he had gather'd seven or aught:

Wild hempies, stout and strang;

They frae a barn a kabers raught,

And mounted wi' a bang,

Betwixt twa's shoulders, and far straight:

Upon't, and rade the stang

On her that day.

The wives and gytlings a' spang'd out,

O'er middens and o'er dykes,

Wi' mony an unco skirl and shout,

Like bum-bees frae their bykes;

Thro' thick and thin they scour'd about;

Plashing thro' dubbs and sykes,

And sic a raid rang thro' the rout,

Gar'd a' the hail town tykes;

Yamph loud that day.

But d'ye see fou better bred

Was mensfu' Maggy Murdy?

She her man like a lammy led

Hame, wi' a well wail'd wordy:

Fast frae the company he fled,

As he had ta'en the sturdy;

She fleech'd him fairly to his bed,

Wi' ca'ing him her burdy,

Kindly that day.

But Lawrie he took out his nap,
 Upon a mow of pease,
 And Robin spew'd in's ain wife's lap,
 He said it ga'e him ease.
 Hutcheon wi' a three lugged cap,
 His head bizzzen wi' bees,
 Hit Geordie a mislushious rap,
 And brake the brig o's neese

Right fair that day.

Syne ilka thing gae'd arse o'er head,
 Chandlers, boord, stools and stoups,
 Flew thro' the house wi' meikle speed,
 And there was little hopes,
 But there had been some ill done deed,
 They gat sic thrawait cowps;
 But a' the skaith that chanc'd indeed
 Was only on their dowps,

Wi' faws that day.

Sae whiles they toolied, whiles they drank,
 'Till a' their sence was smoor'd;
 And in their maws there was nae mank,
 Upon the furms some snor'd:
 Ithers frae aff the bunkers sank,
 Wi' een like collops scor'd:
 Some ram'd their noddles wi' a clank,
 E'en like a thick scull'd lord,

On posts that day.

The young goodman to bed did clim,
 His dear the door did lock in,
 Crap down beyond him, and the rim
 O'er wame he clap'd his dock in:
 She fand her lad was not in trim,
 And be this same good token,
 That ika member, lith and limb,
 Was souple like a docken,
 'Bout him that day.

The HEATHEN HEROES; or, VULCAN Cuckolded by MARS.

THERE is a little god call'd Love,
 That rules on earth and heaven above,
 In air, and sea, and hell below;
 But stay, before I further go
 To tell what sort of squire is he,
 'Tis fit, I tell his pedigree.
 His grandfire was, if it be true,
 As tight a god as e'er ye knew;
 But having been by witches told,
 That when his godship did grow old,
 His son would from the kingdom throw him;
 And in some dirty hole bestow him;
 This turn'd his godship melancholly,
 And shortly in a fit of folly,
 He cut his --- off for fear
 They should beget a son and heir;
 But hear a story strange, tho' true,
 From froth of heav'nly cod-piece grew,
 The fairest woman ever ye knew;
 She was a goddess ye may guess,
 For a god's daughter is no less.
 Be his mother either earth or sea,
 She still must share divinity:
 This girl, or goddess, which you please,
 Grew suddenly, not by degrees;
 For gods, as mushrooms, by their might,
 Grow to perfection in a night.
 This beauty every god ador'd,
 Each heav'nly—— her —— implor'd;
 Whilst she her favours did dispense
 With universal influence,
 No god the favour e'er desir'd,
 That she refus'd, till he was tir'd;
 But then she wisely thought it needless,
 To stick to one when he grew deedless.

Thus

L- Thus she swiv'd on till she the c--ds,
Had drain'd of all th' immortal gods.

Yet she at last with child did prove,
And bore this little whore-son, Love;
Wha was his father 'tis not known,
Since she had dealt with more than one;
But of the gods 'twas one or other,
And surely Venus was his mother.

This little god was born quite blind,
For which no reason I can find.
But that his mother never miss'd,
To shut her eyes when she was kiss'd.
Now at his birth the gods did bustle,
This gave him bells, the other whistle,
The third a bib, the fourth a rattle;
But Mars, the roaring god of battle,
Gave him a pretty bow and quiver,
To shoot mankind thro' heart and liver;
Tho' he was blind, he learnt such art,
That never yet he threw his dart,
But at each time he pierc'd a heart.
Sometimes at men he threw his arrows,
Then shot the gods as boys do sparrows.
Could make the greatest of the gods,
Change their forms and blest abodes,
And scour on earth like fornicators,
Ravishing wives, their maids and daughters.
Would it not be a pretty jest,
To see a god swive like a beast;
Sometimes a bull, sometimes a swan,
Sometimes an eagle, now a man.
And why was all this mighty pother,
But for to swive some jade or other?
There ye might see a lovely goddess,
Without her gown, or smock, or boddice;
With neither hand nor rag before her,
But naked as her mother bore her;
Yielding up her heavenly charms,
Into some sun-burnt shepherd's arms;
Nay, happy mortal sure was he,
That thus could swive a diety.

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Here ye might see the mighty gods,
 With — erect and massy c--ds;
 Following maids as dogs do bitches,
 Thro' towns, thro' fields, thro' bogs and ditches;
 Yea wheresoever the god did find her;
 He never left her till he'd l—'d her;
 These doings rais'd a mongrel breed,
 'Twixt mortal and immortal seed.
 Such pranks did this bold archer play,
 That he would ne'er let slip one day,
 Unless he wounded one or other,
 And very oft it was his mother;
 Like loving son, he still contrived,
 To get his mamma foundly swived.
 She lately was in marriage giv'n,
 To th' ugliest crooked god in heaven;
 And if it be not thought uncivil,
 A god more ugly than a devil,
 Vulcan by name, a smith by trade,
 Who heaven's locks and chimney's made;
 All the day he wrought with's one ey'd fellows,
 Puffing and blowing at his bellows;
 Making nails or mending thunder,
 Shoes for horses, or a hunder
 Other things too long to tell,
 Which he all day made in his cell;
 At night he went to th' goddess's bed;
 Judge how sad a life she led,
 With such an useless sapless stock,
 Badaub'd with soot, and stain'd with smoak:
 He, who had wrought so hard all day,
 Was all the night unfit for play;
 Which made the goddess, who lov'd swiving,
 Lye very pensively contriving,
 To find out one to ease her want;
 Then to her son she made complaint:
 My dearest son, my darling joy,
 Thou mighty god, thou lovely boy,
 Pity thy mother's wretched state,
 Who now repents, tho' 'tis too late,

That

That e'er she married such a beast,
 Who neither gives her joy nor rest;
 He snores all night as for a wager,
 And thinks much worse than fox or badger;
 Ah! now I weep, believe my tears,
 But twice he's kiss'd me in two years;
 I'm sure I ne'er had married smith,
 Had I not thought he was all pith,
 But now I find my sad mistake:
 Tell me, dear boy, what course to take?
 Mother, says he, you may be easy,
 Trust me, I'll find out one shall please ye,
 I'll shoot the tory rosy god,
 With lusty ——— and maffy c—d;
 The god of war, the noble Mars,
 Shall soon be thundring at your arse.
 Thus said, his keenest-shaft he drew,
 And pierc'd his godship throw and throw;
 The god, who ne'er had lov'd till now,
 Curl'd his nose, and knit his brow,
 Wondring to see his ——— rise.
 From betwixt his brawny thighs;
 Hey ho! says he, pray what's the matter?
 My t—ce gets up, my mouth does water.
 And now the goddess comes in view;
 Ho, Mrs Venus, is it you!
 Madam, so many charms you have,
 That the god of war's your slave;
 I'm a bad courtier, but I'll tell ye,
 I long to be within your belly;
 See how my rouser does advance,
 Though not so long, as stiff's my lance;
 If ye don't yield, my case is bad,
 The devil take me, I'll run mad.
 The goddess was so pleas'd to find,
 The god of war to love inclin'd;
 A god, says she, of your dimensions,
 May very well bring his pretensions;
 If you be what you seem to be,
 You ne'er shall be refus'd by me;

But first let's lay aside this iron,
 Which does your lovely limbs environ.
 In love's soft wars there's no alarms,
 Then lay aside these useless arms;
 Thy naked body I'll embrace,
 And melt in pleasures face to face.
 Hasten to my bow'r my love to meet,
 There we our joys shall soon complete;
 On beds of roses we will lye,
 While little love sits smiling by.
 All night we'll kiss, and love all day,
 My doves shall with your lions play,
 Make haste, my love, come haste away.
 The god the summons soon obey'd,
 And down his sword and armour laid;
 Upon the wings of love he flew,
 Though what to do he scarcely knew:
 But soon the lovely goddess taught him,
 For what intent she thither brought him;
 Panting upon her back she lay,
 And did her naked limbs display,
 Such legs and thighs were never seen,
 But O! the heav'n that lay between!
 So fine a breast, a face so fair,
 So smooth a skin, such coal-black hair,
 Her eyes half-shut whilst thus she lay,
 Twinkling like stars at break of day.
 The god with wonder struck to see her,
 Scarce had the courage to come nigh her.
 But she his fears did soon dismiss,
 Telling him, if he would kiss,
 It was the way to greater bliss.
 The god then judg'd, he was in honour,
 Oblig'd to throw himself upon her;
 The jirking bliss he found within her,
 Nor found it hard to gain and win her,
 The melting god the goddess prest,
 And still she held him to her breast;
 Thus both dissolv'd in equal love,
 And in one instant ceas'd to move.

Whilst

Whilst thus the wearied lovers lay,
 Phœbus, the whey-fac'd god of day,
 Past unluckily that way.
 He saw Mars lie within her arms,
 Possess'd of all her heavenly charms;
 To ———, and kifs, and play the devil,
 With Vulcan's wife? but I'll discover,
 How happy she has made her lover.
 And thus unseen, like wicked knave,
 Away he tript it to the cave,
 Where Vulcan, with his one ey'd dogs,
 Had made an iron net for hogs.
 Of double wire so strong they make it,
 That neither god nor man can break it.
 He was at breakfast when the god,
 Blest with more light his dark abode;
 Your servant, sir, cries honest Vulcan,
 Come, here's your health then in a full cann;
 Hey, says Apollo; honest God,
 I've news to tell you, sad and odd;
 Your wife and Mars is just now swiving,
 See what you have got by your wiving;
 Just now I saw, as I'm a sinner,
 His brawny ——— thrust within her;
 Her tongue within his mouth was shut,
 The Lord confound her for a slut.
 Says limping Vulcan, in a passion;
 I did not think it was the fashion,
 For gods to cuckold other gods;
 Wou'd I had had him by the c—ds;
 For serving me this scurvy trick,
 Wou'd I had had him by the ———:
 Now prithee, tell me, friend Apollo,
 In this affair what course to follow;
 I'd be reveng'd, knew I what way:
 I'll tell thee, quoth the god of day,
 There is a net, you Vulcan made it,
 Take it, and o'er the lovers spread it,
 And when you have them very sure,
 Go tell the gods, your wife's a whore.

Vulcan follows his advice,
 Away he trips it in a trice.
 Sly to the bow'r he softly crept,
 Where the now wearied lovers slept;
 And saw and girn'd, but nothing said,
 But threw the net around the bed;
 Then runs to where the gods were met,
 And told them he had made a net
 Of wondrous skill, and hop'd they'd see it;
 The curious gods reply'd, So be it:
 We'll all go see this brave machine,
 Now tell us where 'tis to be seen:
 Quoth he, It is in Venus' bow'r;
 Away each god and goddess scour,
 So in an instant they were there.
 Judge ye how much surpriz'd they were;
 To see the net o'er Venus spread,
 And Mars-aboon her in the bed.
 The goddesses who thither came,
 Blush'd and hid their eyes for shame;
 The gods of temper far more free,
 And not oblig'd to modesty,
 Burst out a laughing at the jest.
 Gods zooks, says Mars, am I a beast,
 That ye have put me in this pond,
 For feeding on another's ground?
 I find I'm fast, were I but free,
 I'd teach that limping deity
 To put no more his tricks on me.
 The gods still laugh'd, and Mars did roar,
 The more he curs'd, they laugh'd the more.
 Jove silence call'd, the gods obey'd;
 Thus to the cuckold god he said,
 Vulcan, thou art the greatest ass,
 That ever for a god did pass;
 As little sense thou hast as beauty,
 Else better thou hadst known thy duty,
 Than to disturb thy spouse's pastime,
 Since 'tis a twelve month since the last time,

Thy

Thy nasty — was in her belly.
Ye gods, take notice what I tell ye ;
He that would lead an easy life,
Must very often kiss his wife,
Else ten to one but she adorns,
His godship's head with lusty horns,
As has been done to Vulcan here,
Who fails to — but once a year ;
And what is worse in this contriver,
He's angry if another swive her ;
Judge ye, if Venus be to blame :
Juno, good faith, had done the same ;
Had I not with a mighty t—ce,
Better —'d her fiery a-se.
Therefore, I order and decree,
Vulcan to set the lovers free ;
And here I charge him on his life,
If e'er he catch again his wife,
Swiving with either god or man,
To take it as kindly as he can,
And use no more his iron nets,
By which his godship nothing gets,
But to be cuckold on record,
And so by gods and men abhor'd.
Thus said, th' imprison'd pair were freed,
And all but Vulcan satisfy'd.

On the 28th May, G. I.

AT Cana once heaven's Lord was pleas'd,
Amongst blyth bridal folks to dine,
And then, to crown that happy feast,
Turn'd jars of water into wine.
But when for joy of B—k's birth,
Our tribunes mounted the theatre,
Heaven would not countenance their mirth,
But turn'd their claret into water.

The PRESBYTERIAN POPE.

——— *Who prompts the spouse,
To make a jest of marriage vows;
Encourages each beauteous dame,
To sin without the fear of shame;
Makes all the people keeping cullies.
To imitate the f——'s follies.*

BUR. Polth. Works.

——— *The zealot
Is of a mongrel diverse kind,
Cleric before and lay behind,
A lawless, linsey-woolsey brother,
Half of one order, half another,
That always preys on grace or sin,
A sheep without, a wolf within.*

Kirk Treasurer. **D**ATY, how goes the honest trade?
Waefucks to see you fae ill clad,
I kend whan ye was right well fed,
Look'd fat and fair.
At which my heart was unco glad,
But now 'tis fair.
I dow na bide to see you traiked,
Wi' bachel'd shoon, and a se half naked,
As if the very streets you raked,
Wi' skin fae blae,
The daft young lairds should a be paiked,
That lets't be fae.
Nae body hears us; tells me, Meg,
Wi' wham ye lifted last your leg,
For ilk ane kens ye manna beg,
Though stocks be low;
Now tell the truth and dinna' fleg,
Was't wi' a beau?
Anes a' your customers I kend;
For then you made a bonny fend,
And wrought fae clos wi' your daft end,
Baith day and night,

Ye

Ye ay had bodles for to spend,

And that was right.

Meg. Sin' you came on, my trade's been dead,

How can young lasses get their bread ?

Ah ! John, the d——'s in your greed,

You grip at a',

I think my very heart will bleed,

I'll break my ga'.

I canna' get salt to my kail,

Though anes I tauld a bonny tale,

For twenty shillings, as dock-mail,

Each night I got,

But now, since trade began to fail,

Scarce win a groat.

For should I walk to Abbay yards,

To catch bra' officers and lairds,

Invite them in to play at cards,

And drink and crack,

Behold a party of the guards

Is at our back.

Beadles will harle me by the gown,

A warld's wonder through the town,

Shop-keepers wives cry there's a lown,

Halloo the bawd,

Me to correction-houfe send down,

And put me mad.

The fowk before that had your place,

Wad pity'd me in sic a case ;

They never pat me to disgrace

To make sic trips,

My bennison light on their face,

We ran ay snips.

They kend 'twas me that fill'd their banks,

And kindly said, *Meg.* play your pranks

Wi' married fowk, we'll gi' you thanks,

Fa' clofs to wark ;

Ha'e, there's silk stockings to your shanks,

And a new fark.

Indeed I manna' do them wrang,

John Couper was their *aid-de-camp*,

Aft on the streets wi' me did gang,
 He kend his craft,
 That makes his purse the day sae strang,
 And puts him daft.
 Mony kirk-treas'rer I've made rich,
 I learn'd my art to sic a pitch,
 They ca'd me ay their setting-b—h;
 Well did I fet
 Covees of lairds; syne, in a touch,
 John drew his net:
 Scarcely was I thrown on the bed
 Whan John pap'd in his bogle head,
 Said, gentles, there is nae remead,
 I'm very sure;
 Guard, carry these folks aff wi' speed,
 And that vile whore.
 Fy on ye, firs, to lead sic lives,
 Ye that have dainty bairns and wives,
 'Twere an alms-deed to cut wi' knives
 Your gear awa';
 'Tis fowk like you that never thrives,
 Fy on you a'.
 Yet, if you promise to turn better,
 I'll not affront you for the matter,
 To the kirk-treasurer write a letter,
 Come in his will;
 Lay down the talents, or be debtor,
 By band or bill.
K. Treas. Na', Meg, you're e'en worth goud, I vow,
 We canna want the like of you,
 Serve me that way, and ye's no rue,
 But mense your kin,
 Slip in to company that's fou,
 And tempt to fin.
 I'll mind you in my pray'rs, we should
 With well to them that do us good,
 I hope by you to get my food,
 I need not fear't;
 My bird, ha'e there's a bra' new hood,
 Well may you wear't.

Meg,

Meg, you that make a trade of sinning,
 Shou'd ay be cleanly in your linen,
 And trip as trig as ony kinnin;

Why should ye droop?

Ye've got a better trade than spinning,
 E'en buy a hoop.

'Twas a raw sinner at the game,
 (For at the first ye a' think shame)
 Contriv'd them for to hide her wame,
 Whan it grew big,

I winna' tell the lady's name,
 She was a W -- g.

Now, shou'd not this keep up your heart,
 That quality do take your part,
 That they shou'd study ev'ry art

Practis'd by you?

Gae 'bout your business, and look smart,
 Ye's find me true.

Meg. There's some fowk wou'd their manhood try,
 And with a pretty young wench ly,
 For that end would a licence buy,

And have your leave,

And that's the-thing you'll no deny,
 As I believe.

Master, be pleas'd to take a fee,
 And frae the creepie make them free,
 What profit is't to you or me,

To spoil their sport?

K. Treaf. Meg, bring them here, and we'll agree,
 There's my word for't.

Meg. My master's as great as the pope,
 (Papist rogue, gi'e him a rope)
 He keeps a Presbyterian shop,

Pardons to sell,

And he'll turn wond'rous rich I hope,
 He's turn'd sae fell.

Popes shut up nuns with iron-grates,
 And will not let them do fine feats,
 But our kind master, father Y----s.

Dawts his ain bawds,

As if they were his bairns, and lets

Them play wi' lads.

The nuns are burnt that play wi' fryars,

Or else there mony ane that's liars,

But the kirk-treas'rer never spiers,

He's nae sae rash,

Wi' wham we ly for twenty years,

If he get cash.

Incest, or ony other sin,

We may commit wi' nearest kin,

And yet come aff wi' a hail skin,

'Tis his behoof,

Wi' fowk not to make meikle din,

That criesh his loof.

But, if we have nae thing to spare,

Then we maun rin wi' shoulders bare,

Dalgliesh's tawz makes us sae fair,

That they slae us,

Thrawn carle! I'm sure he wad na care

For to slae us.

K. Treas. Meg, we stay on but for a year,

If in that time we get na' gear,

We'll e'en starve when we're auld, I fear,

Be hungry slaves;

To speak the truth, and not to jeer,

We're e'en a' kn ves.

Meg. Master, the greater kn ve the better,

The only way for to rise greater,

For honesty will scarce hald water,

A tale hum-drum,

If money's got, what d---l's the matter

What way it come?

I laugh to see the fowk look blate,

Wha pay and get na a receipt,

Ye neither set down day nor date,

'Tis a bra' sport,

An honest piece of deep deceit;

Fair fa' you for't.

K. Treas. Na hussy, should I grant them lines,

And tell how much I got for fines,

'Twad

'Twad gar me count with our divines,
 I'm very sure ;
 Shame fa' the treas'ner ever minds
 To help the poor.

Judas, wha was kirk-treas'ner first,
 For cheating of the kirk, was curst,
 He hang'd himself, and syne he burst,
 For ane poor faut,
 Had he in a' our tricks been nurs'd,
 He'd ne'er done that.

Tho' we the kirk do daily plunder,
 Cheating her out of mony hunder,
 If we hang ourselves, 'twill be a wonder

As e'er was heard ;
 We'll ne'er commit sae foul a blunder,
 Na, dinna fear't.

The Highland-men for cutting purse,
 Lifting Lawland cows and horse,
 Sometimes, though seldom, take remorse,
 And they're disgrac'd ;

But we kirk-treas'ners that do worse,
 Are not strait-lac'd.

Meg. Master, your pensionary's gane ;
 Ye ken your awn lafs Waterstane,
 Wae's me the silly slut was ta'en,
 The best o' lowns,

Because she wad na ly her lane,
 But wi' dragoons.

K. Treas. Meg, Meg, ill news, that she is lost !

I fear she will gi' up the ghost ;

But wha think ye shall fill her post ?

Gae through the town,
 Wyle well, my jo, whate'er it cost,
 There's half a crown.

Meg. I ken a chuck of cliver sense,
 The jade was bred wi' luckie Spence,
 And new laid too when she went hence,
 That was nae fool,

Well did she learn the art to fence,
 At her sweet school.

My winsome dad, oae body's near us,
Sae wha in a' the world can hear us,
Make afts wi' penalties to fear us,
And keep's in awe,
And upon faul and conscience swear us
To keep them a'.
Taylors and websters ne'er were leel,
Yet for the good of common weal,
To gi'e his due e'en to the de'il,
They've seal o' cause,
And deacon too, to gar them feel
The weight of laws.
At Rotterdam the hogan pow'is,
(And that's a whiggish town like ours)
The lowns in public stews secures ;
The Dutch are wise,
And put placards upon the doors
To tell their price.
The auldest trade that's in the nation,
Amaist as auld as the creation,
Shou'd be made an incorporation,
I'm no in joke,
That we may trade wi' reputation,
Like burger fowk.
K. Treas. It may be done, Meg, say nae
I'm deacon, and I'll take the chair,
For clerk we'll ha'e the wyle of ware,
Auld L——n ;
Rob. Forbes shall be officer,
As good's in town.
Meg. Then let us think upon a way,
Or else fair trade will soon decay,
To gar the Glasgow women stay
Without our port ;
They come sae thick in every day,
They spoil our sport.
Hame at their awn town let them bide,
D---l nor they were a' drown'd in Clyde ;
A man can purchase their backside,
For poor twa groats.

And drink of that wi' them beside,
 Aught shillin' Scots,
 Wi' bibles and psalm books they cant,
 As ilka ane of them were saint,
 Wi' holy keckle, pegg and pant,
 And greet and grain,
 That ev'ry godly bow-head plant,
 Gaes now to them,
 Repeating lectures, sermons. graces,
 Telling faul-exercise and cases,
 And making sic Wast-country faces,
 That I fair fear,
 That we may a resign our places,
 If they thrang here.
K. Treas Ye're scyre-wrang, Meg; for wi' their greeting,
 And notes of Mr Clark's repeating,
 And mony scripture-texts ay citing,
 And singing psalms:
 Neighbours think 'tis a holy meeting
 Of G d's ain lambs.
 Your tory lowns are worst to guide,
 They cannot their ain secret hide;
 Whane'er they lay their legs aside,
 Or drink to James,
 They blaze what's done baith far and wide,
 And tell fowks names.
 If ye wad paukily succeed,
 Prove a rank hypocrite indeed,
 Subscribe to the kirk treas'ner's creed,
 And ye'll win cash,
 Let honesty ne'er fash your head,
 ' Tis tory trash.

The KIRK-TREASURER'S Creed.

I do believe 'tis in my pow'r,
 T' indulge and tolerate a whore,
 For liberty of conscience sure,
 The kirk can gi'e:

K

And

And by my office I procure

That right to me.

Now, Meg, you see that I'm high-priest,

And the Pope's power is a dull jest,

Whan sinners have my loof well crieft,

Wi' a good fee,

I'll let them sin, they make me feast,

And baith agree.

The CAMERONIAN TOOTH.

PApists, ye're fairly foil'd, think shame and blush,
Your various relics are not with a rush:

What's Mary's milk, St. Peter's rotten bones,

When in procession born by human drones?

What wonders can they do? confess the truth;

They're nothing to a Cameronian tooth,

Which a grave holy fighting sister wears,

That in the grave lay five and fifty years;

And that was Mrs. Mary Crichton,

A Cameronian pious right one.

Imboss'd in gold it dangled at her heart,

Corroborating lungs, and strength'ning every part.

When tooth-ach does affect the tender jaws,

It heals all pains, and takes away the cause.

Grand miracle! who can believe 'tis true,

That rotten teeth should cure the teeth that's new?

Fits of the mother it cures, and vapours too,

This wonder-working tooth all things can do.

Prevents abortion when ty'd on the knee,

They wear that tooth where standing t—ce should be.

She shew'd to me a box wherein lay hid,

The pictures of Cargil and Mr Kid;

A splinter of the tree on which they're slain;

A double inch of Major Weir's best cane;

Rathillet's sword beat down to table-knife,

Which took at Magus-muir a bishop's life;

The worthy Welch's spectacles, who saw

That windle-straws would fight against the law;

The

The windle-straws were stoutest of the two,
 They stood their ground, away the prophet flew.
 And lists of all the prophets names were seen,
 At Pentland-hills, Ard-moss, and Rullen-green.

Don't think, she says, these holy things are soperly,
 They're precious antidotes against the power of Popery.

ROME'S LEGACY to the KIRK of SCOTLAND; A Satyr on the STOOL of REPENTANCE.

Risum teneatis amici.

WHEN Pop'ry was pull'd down in days of yore,
 Hastily banish'd from our Albion shore;
 The subtle Jesuits contriv'd a way
 The Protestant religion to betray.
 Some things they left behind to prove their claim,
 And the reformers title to be lame.
 They gave the surplice to the English prelates,
 And their repenting-stools to Scottish zealots.
 In these love-tokens both such pleasure take,
 As if they hugg'd them for the giver's sake.
 The first my muse may satirize ere long;
 The last shall be the subject of this song.
 Hail ancient relic of the Roman See!
 Now vamped by a reforming Presbyt'ry.
 Old, as the papal-chair, thy days began,
 When priest-craft lorded o'er the rights of man;
 And men of royal blood did meanly go
 To Antichrist at Rome, and kiss'd his toe.
 When the blind laity mumbled o'er their beads.
Ave Marias sung and Latin creeds; (heads. }
 Trick'd by designing priests, and monks with shaven
 Penance was broach'd: by pious frauds betray'd,
 The laity swallow'd all that priest-craft said.
 Religion sunk with tales, there did succeed,
 A wafer worship, and a God of bread.
 So artfully the priests led th' easy fools,
 That, cloath'd in sackcloth on repenting-stools,

They thought their mortal sins were all forgiv'n,
And this the meritorious way to heav'n.

By the same priest craft we are chain'd secure,
Though we've renounc'd th' usurping papal pow'r;
The trick prevails, our scandal and our shame,
With such effects as I'm afraid to name.

How dare priests of this Romish idol boast,
Which hath such blood and such damnation cost?
If we consult our records, there we'll see,

'T has made a hundred on a gibbet die.

• That cursed engine of the Roman power
Which doth our lives and very souls devour!

If fair Servilia's virtue make a slip,

By Rufus tempted to the youthful trip;

Soon as her pregnant womb begins to rise,

The quick'ning tomb where all her sorrow lies,

On every wall she reads that doleful sentence,

The place where fornicators make repentance.

Fearful she falls into Belshazzar's fit,

When *Mene Tekel* on the wall was writ.

Untouch'd with deep remorse, she doth not mourn

And to a clement Saviour return;

No, no, she doth not think on heav'n or hell;

On the repenting stool her thoughts do dwell:

The terrors of that awful seat prevails,

• And oh! she listens to the devil's tales.

Satan suggests, for he's a cunning foe,

And will ye to your shame and ruin go;

Mount up a cock stool to be gaz'd upon,

In face of all the parish, and the sun;

Disgrace your friends, and get the name of whore,

And bear the scandal to your dying hour?

A bastard's slave, and a despised wretch,

You'll live, and never need expect a match:

Think on a way to keep the name of maid;

And thus the poor unthinking girl's betray'd.

The hen-wife and old nurse, her fatal friends,

Contrive, and soon find out the murd'ring means;

And she goes on, while Satan holds the reins,

Until she gets a halter for her pains:

For

For that's the punishment of wicked fools ;
And the result of our repenting stools.

My muse record, and don't priest's odium fear,
How once they serv'd a noble cavalier :
Because that he transgress'd the seventh command,
They dragg'd him to the stool, there made him stand,
Cloathed in sackcloth, that disgraceful weed,
And a spiritual barber shav'd his head.
With passion mad, thus to be made a jest,
He drew a knife and sheath'd it in his breast,
And, dying, left his blood upon the priest.

Tell me, ye priests, why doth there never stand
Upon your stools the nobles of the land ?
Is it like cob-webs, which small flies do catch,
But cannot hold the great ones and the rich ?
Oh ! this is partial in the highest pitch.
The pious tricksters in the days of old,
Grown rich with royal spoils, turn'd fierce and bold,
Compell'd our nobles who did aid their king,
(For loyalty with them's a dangerous thing)
T' abjure the Stewarts title to the crown,
And kirk-men's livery wear, a sackcloth gown ;
Mount up the stool to be expos'd to mock,
And bow before Mefs John's all conqu'ring cloak,
There hear loud thunders from the pulpit crack,
And wear an antic fool's-coat on their back.

At Scoon, where kings commenc'd their regal toil,
Their sacred fillets wet with Aaron's oil ;
Where they the royal purple robes put on,
And in the marble chair receiv'd a crown ;
Did royal Charles, the blessed martyr's heir,
In Presbyterian pageantry appear.
On the repenting stool the hero stood,
A spectacle to the admiring crowd ;
And to the cruel cloak the sceptre bow'd.
This saucy cloak upbraids the Stewarts race ;
And spits its venom in the sovereign's face.
Fanatic fetters held the god-like man,
Thus the prophane, pedantic speech began :

- " Sir, openly your sins must be confest,
 " Tell you're an hawk of an unkanny nest :
 " Your father's bow'd their knees to Dan and Baal,
 " And were a plague unto our Israel,
 " Lifting their hands against the Lord of hosts,
 " And put the prideful prelates in their posts.
 " Are ye sincerely sorry for your sin,
 " And all the errors of your Christle's kin ?
 " Will ye the cov'nant's int'rest now betroth,
 " And take it for your coronation oath !
 " With all your power idolatry withstand,
 " Support the reformation work in hand ;
 " And disappoint your godly peoples fears ?
 " Or else you'll find your crown, a crown of briers."

Ye superstitious, bow not to the east,
 Nor, when the sermon's done, salute the priest.
 With awful rev'rence give a lowly bow,
 To this exalted stool, the royal pew.
 Pay homage to it as a regal chair,
 Since sov'reign majesty did once stand there.

My muse relate the eloquence of Cant,
 A chief apostle, and the northern saint ;
 How he rebuk'd one of our antient peers,
 An aged sinner sunk with weight of years ;
 " What look you like, old rotten sinner, say ?"
 " At eighty years you whore, and cannot pray.
 " The peer reply'd in language very meek,
 " Saint Andrew, I am really like a leek ;
 " White is my head, and very green my tail,
 " I'm made of flesh, and flesh you know is frail."

Were't not for what poor ignorants sustain,
 Who've much of fear and very little brain,
 Blyth folk would wish that stools would still remain,
 'Tis such diversion when the men stand there,
 As Fabius tells the tale with pleasant air ;
 Bare-headed beadies usher to the seat,
 I walk in pomp like minister of state ;
 When I the solemn sackcloth weed do wear,
 And gravely mount the penitential chair,

My

My gown arrests the eyes of all the flock,
Who mocks the preacher threshing in his cloak ;
There I in triumph sit 'bove every Whig,
Adjust my cravat and my campaign-wig ;
Spread wide the badge of sin to show my cloaths,
And with a napkin brush my silken hose ;
Young lasses whispering, laughing like young apes,
Say, He's a hopeful sinner, see his shapes ;
But their mammas, who gave me secret kisses,
Tremble, lest I should tell Mels John my misses ;
Proclaim in noon-day what I've done in dark,
And point at all the cuckolds in the kirk.
A matron midwife, rocking on her knee
A new-born child, looks up and smiles on me ;
Methinks I hear the superannate jade,
Say, Blessings on the man keeps up the trade :
Py on them ! makes him climb that rotten chair,
'Twere fitter far to send our fumblers there.

A scene of objects opens to my view,
Conceal'd from these lock'd in a lower pew ;
Sometimes I on the window cast mine eye,
And see a subtle spider pinch a fly,
The feeble warriors combat in the field,
Till the poor captive fly is forc'd to yield,
And the proud victor trails her to his den,
With as much triumph as prevails 'mong men.
Then turning to the pillars, there I read
The honours on th' escutcheons of the dead ;
Tall heroes who in battle made a figure,
And trac'd the steps of Presbyterian rigour :
These tatter'd ensigns do their valour prove ;]
But I'm the living monument of love.
Wearied with ease, my meditation falls,
On texts of scripture, pasted on the walls :
Devoutly I peruse our Saviour's prayer,
Full of amazement that I see it there ;
The pious criminal maintains its place,
Altho' expell'd the house with deep disgrace :
I read the ten commands ; but one short line,
Makes me soon wish they were reduc'd to nine ;

That

That line makes me stand here, and now Mefs John
 Knits his stern brow, and with a canting tone,
 Acquaints me that my trial's coming on:
 A tryal which doth the justiciary mock,
 The judge wrapt up in a Geneva cloak.
 The scarlet chequer'd with the ermine, shew,
 That as they've justice, so they've mercy too:
 But O! I tremble, and I scratch my lug,
 To be impeach'd before a louse-bare rug.
 Round a long table, near the pulpit foot,
 Do fifteen elders of the inquest sit;
 To show that they the process understand,
 Each hath a *corpus juris* in his hand,
 With silver clasps, and fine Geneva notes,
 Which they demurely mumble thro' their throats;
 A clumsy fiscal in the desk doth stand,
 Holding a short indictment in his hand;
 The justice general in the holy chair,
 Takes it, and reads it, with phanatic air,
 Making a long discourse, half preaching and half pray'r,
 Repeats my youthful feats in Venus's war,
 For which I'm made a pannel at his bar.
 I rise, make legs, and bow to all the court,
 Some burst with laughter at the pleasant sport;
 I pull my napkin out and wipe my cheeks,
 As if I wept at every word he speaks;
 I wring my fingers, and distort my face,
 Which he concludes are certain marks of grace.

Confession made, then doth the judge begin,
 T'absolve and purge me from my deadly sin;
 Dismiss'd with joy, and reeling down the stair,
 I rush to the embraces of my fair.

A roll of sins hath got the clergy's score,
 A good encouragement to sin the more;
 So honest debtors, when their bills are paid,
 For to contract a-new are not afraid.

Nor dare I say that our division's less,
 When on the stool appears the buxom Bess,
 For anti-nuptial dalliance with her spouse,
 Altho' 'twas ratified with marriage vows;

And

And all the crime she did, was for to eat,
Before Mefs John had consecrate the meat.
Both her clean tartan plaid, and gown of gray,
Do native innocence and charms display :
Before her face the gilded bible lay ;
Well may she on the sacred pages look,
There's no indictment 'gainst her in that book.

Now, when Mefs John has wrestl'd out the glafs,
He leers about and blinks on bonny Bess :
Commands her for to lay her plaid aside,
Which from the wanton lads her charms do hide ;
She gathers up her limbs, bows with her tail,
Which he must pelt with a spiritual flail.
He tugs his cloak, and then begins the wark,
O Bessy, Bessy, you have a black mark.
An arch wag says, " Mefs John, that's 'gainst the law,
" To say the thing is black you never saw."
Bess blushes, and she knows not what to say,
All eyes are on her tenement of clay.
The old wives mutter, sure Mefs John is dreaming,
Why should not Bess be like to other women.
But Pettigrew goes on to reprimand,
Whilst all the people on their tiptoes stand ;
" Was't not the devil did your heart betray,
" Or else you'd keep the feast 'till the feast day.
" You know the silliest herd lifts off his bonnet,
" Before he takes his cog, and says a sonnet ;
" But you threw up your gammonds in the bed,
" Before the grace, and lost your maiden-head.
" Bessy, an unco haste you have been in,
" That could not wait till I my gloves did win ;
" I'm sure, 'twas very far from being civil,
" To get your eldest bairn before the devil."
And thus Mefs John goes on to act his play,
Till all the people laugh, and run away.

Thanks to the kirk who thus supports her pow'r,
After the model of the Romish whore.

BURNBANK and FAICHNEY's Indictment.

PANNELS, you are indicted as rascals,
 By us women and procurator-fiscals.
 Whereas by laws divine and human,
 Which bind the monarch and the plowman,
 We women, daughters of old Eve,
 A seal of cause and priv'lege have,
 Whereby the men are bound to please
 Our sex, and serve us on their knees ;
 For which by nature they're provided,
 With gifts that should be rightly guided.
 That person's look'd upon as no man,
 Who has no talents for a woman :
 We ne'er bestow a wish upon him,
 Unless it be to piss upon him.
 'Tis true indeed, by our confession,
 The gifts are in their own possession ;
 But we superiors claim our right,
 The vassal's homage ev'ry night ;
 Love's tribute they to us must give,
 Or else they need not think to live :
 And he who wrongs our kittle three,
 Touches the apple of our eye.
 Ev'n kings acknowledge our dominion,
 And lawyers, they are of opinion,
 We have a large and ample charter,
 Who breaks it, does deserve a halter.
 Yet notwithstanding, this December,
 (Which we with grief of heart remember)
 The villains, Faichney and Burnb—s, —
 Trampled on our ancient laws ;
 As free of grace, as free of boddles,
 Seiz'd on an honest burger's d—dl—s ;
 As they the seal of cause did handle,
 They rudely burnt it with a candle ;
 And like the end they'll make, we hope ;
 They hang'd its relics in a rope ;
 Which cannot but us women vex,
 A bale affront upon our sex !

This

This being prov'd before a jury,
 (And these are facts we can assure ye)
 By the law of retaliation,
 Laws of this and every nation,
 They should be public wonders made,
 Get Hangy's taws on shoulder-blade,
 Stand on the trone among the kail-wives,
 Ston'd and rabbl'd by the hail wives,
 Upon the first of the new-year,
 And there be nailed by the gear,
 Betwixt the hours of twelve and three;
 Syne hang'd upon the Gallowlee:
 This is the sum of our desires,
 As justice and the law requires.

INTERLOCUTOR.

THE ladies having heard complaint,
 They find the libel relevant,
 T' infer the pains of death and trone,
 Ordain that the evidence depone.
 Probation led in common form,
 And members of the inquest sworn,
 Th' heirefs of Ballop, buxom wench,
 Bing'd low, and thus harangu'd the bench.

LADY BALLOP'S SPEECH to the JURY.

REV'REND matrons of assize,
 Hear the maids and widows cries:
 All who know a married life,
 All who hope to be a wife,
 Every female, whig and tory,
 Ev'ry one who hears the story,
 From Dumfries to Aberdeen,
 All 'twixt sixty and sixteen,
 Cry justice, justice on the fellows,
 Send them to the trone and gallows,
 Who durst the poor Priapus touch,
 Burn him as if he'd been a witch:
 Priapus, king of Jenny-land,
 No more will in his island stand;

He

He who in's life had ups and downs,
Lies murder'd now by hellish clowns;
Wherefore cause execute the law,
And find he's murder'd by these twa.

Her speech being done, th' assize did close,
And thus reported when they rose.

VERDICT of the INQUEST.

WE the Inquest do report,
Unto the honourable court,
The facts are proven very clearly,
Therefore punish them severely:
This we sign with hearts right canty,
Nemine contradicente.

Sic subscribitur,

L. Cart-navel fore-woman,	Cosmelia Wedlock,
Penelope Sweet-lips,	Isabella Hope,
Afra Behn,	Rosamonda Spinster,
Nell Guyn,	Rachael Midnight,
Dorothea Lovely	Zelinda Smiles,
Sufanna Bonny-face,	Mary Rich,
Eleonora Kiff-well,	Magdalen Tell-truth.
Rebecca No nun,	

SENTENCE of the COURT.

THE ladies of justiciary court,
Having consider'd this report,
Condemn the pannels to the trone,
To stand 'twixt twelve o' clock and one,
On first of January next,
And have their t—ls to cock stool fixt.
Then carried to the Gallowlee,
And hang'd and hung in chains by three,
As monuments for time to come;
And this we do pronounce for doom.

Sic subscribitur,

Kath. Knight. J. G.	Celia Justice,
Diana Love. J. C.	Marian Fleshly,
Elizabeth Fair service,	Sarah Sinner,
Rosina Maidenhead,	

FAICH-

FAICHNEY'S SPEECH on the Ladder.

ALL ye good people of this city,
 On poor Faichney have some pity;
 I have got many a lucky throw,
 But the last brings me dole and woe;
 Had my judges been young lairds,
 I could nobly play'd my cards;
 But the women, cruel b——s,
 Appointed soundly for to switch us.
 Had they ordain'd us, for our vice,
 And life, but to have thrown the dice,
 Such good luck's been always mine,
 I'd have nicked Bankie fine;
 But they've caus'd the knave of spades,
 Hangie, paik our shoulder-blades.
 Faith, I think, I'm e'en fair wrang'd,
 First I'm scourg'd, and then I'm hang'd:
 O pray for a poor gamester's faul,
 That lost his stake, and lost his all.

BURNBANK'S Farewel.

THE ark, when cramm'd with unclean beasts, was not
 Half so polluted as that little boat;
 It bears Burnbank, whose bosom bears all hell,
 Ten troops of devils in his heart do dwell.
 The ship he goes in never needs careen,
 Since all the ocean will not wash her clean;
 So heavy load, we fear, she will not swim;
 A thousand tun of curses go with him.
 Son of perdition! cursed may he be,
 And, like the Gad'ren hogs, be drown'd at sea.
 Good heav'n preserve the cargo and the crew,
 And death and hell have pow'r of none but you.

The Seaman & Carpenter's honours.

Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris. VIRG.

ON ship board went the church at heaven's command,
 When floods of wrath did sink the sinful land:

L

Noah

Noah sail'd safely o'er the liquid graves,
 He steer'd the helm, and God the wind and waves;
 'Twas the first ship that on the waters flew,
 All in it saints, both skipper and the crew.
 The holy carpenter was chaplain there,
 Sails, ballast, anchor, and the trade-wind pray'r,

Within the whale a-praying Jonah lay,
 No polar star nor compass points the way :
 Faith was the rigging, he securely rode ;
 For faith and pray'r insures a ship with God.
 When God was supercargo, happy lot !
 A lady's needle built a bulrush boat ;
 There Moses safely could have voyag'd far,
 In spite of storms, or stoutest men of war ;
 While wicked Pharaoh, in his guarded house,
 Is frighted for a frog, and shrinks to see a louse.

The great apostle Paul, how oft was he
 Fetter'd on land, but safe upon the sea ?
 Romans and Jews on heaven's herald trode,
 Seamen carefs'd the mighty man of God ;
 Thro' distant climes he conquer'd over sin,
 From every port he brought the Gentiles in.
 At land vile men spit on Christ's sacred face,
 Seamen confes'd his power, and begg'd his grace ;
 Hot was their love, and pure as ambient air,
 No Judas, Pilate, nor a Herod there.

Into a ship our high priest did repair,
 Salvation and a Christ was cargo there.
 The scaly region her Creator bore,
 Wafting his blessed evangel to the shore.
 To him came Peter walking on his foot,
 For who can drown when faith's the passage-boat ?
 'Tis true it sprung a leak, but quickly he
 Was sav'd by the high admiral of the sea.
 To honour trade, and give the seaman fame,
 The Son of God a carpenter became.
 How would his vessels make the seamen glad ?
 Well might they sail eternal wisdom made.
 Seamen were the best followers Jesus got,
 The gospel church came from the fishing boat ;

On fishing souls to Christ their hearts were set,
And millions caught within the gospel-net.

How did a coinless Christ his taxes pay,
God of the globe, and potter of the clay;
His *fat* could have made all Ophir come,
And Peru vomit up her golden womb:
He calls a finny-burgher to the land,
The joyful trout pour'd tribute in his hand.
O, anchor of our hope! us safely keep,
Who view thy works of wonder in the deep;
There is thy pow'r display'd, and there may we
By images pay worship unto thee.
Once thou slept there, a naked plank thy pillow,
When hurricanes did battle ev'ry billow;
Pale through a pannic fear thy people grew,
A sleeping Saviour, and a sinking crew:
But lo! the Lord of life awak'd, and he
Bury'd the winds, and bridl'd up the sea.
Thy word could make cold earth burn up the sky,
Quench all hell's flames, and drink the ocean dry:
Far from the land no object can we have,
But heav'n above, beneath a wat'ry grave.
O blessed Jesus! they who look to thee,
Can find thee at the bottom of the sea,
And hoist their sails to round eternity. }
Stay thou our hearts, when we're with tempest driv'n
And pilot us into the port of heav'n.

THE STABLERS HONOURS.

†
I. H. S.

WHERE went the virgin-mother of our God,
When nine months pregnant with the heav'nly
To stabler's house, the divine dame took flight, (load?
His house held more than half of heaven that night.
A stable serv'd him for imperial rooms,
Whilst dazzling crowds of angels were his grooms.

The stabler's fame did quickly fly abroad,
 Since in his manger lay a cradl'd God.
 Hither did kings and clergymen resort,
 To see the humble grandeur of the court.
 Can herald's office greater honour shew,
 Than what the King of kings bestow'd on you.

The GARDENERS HONOURS.

A New-born world the Gard'ners task began,
 Fair art co eval with the first made man !
 Adam's intendant of the blissful bow'rs,
 The ever-greens, and sweet ambrosial flow'rs :
 God breath'd a beauty on its banks, and he
 Institute there the sacramental tree :
 There God and man the fed'ral paction made ;
 For the first temple was a silent shade.
 Sin sow'd the weeds which blasted Eden's bloom,
 The pois'nous plants usurp the roses room ;
 God's wat'ring pans, the clouds, this garden lost,
 'Tis sunk in sea, and sea without a coast.
 Trees lift their heads again, and floods assuage,
 The peaceful dove flies with the gard'ner's badge,
 An olive sprig. Noah a vineyard made,
 And plants and prunes, and consecrates the spade.
 A gard'ner got th' old world and the new,
 Ere teeming nature felt the lab'ring plow.
 Such matchless honour's to the gard'ners giv'n,
 Christ's from his loins, and all the saints in heaven.
 The wisest king that ever liv'd on earth,
 Was botanist; a gard'ner from his birth :
 Of all productions his learn'd herbal spoke,
 From dwarfish hyssop, to the giant oak.

The eastern sages, when they heard the news
 Of Bethl'em's babe, born monarch of the Jews,
 Directed by a star, they reach'd his seat,
 And offer'd herbage kneeling at his feet.
 They brought no books with laws or logic stor'd,
 Present a little garden to our Lord,

Myrrh.

Myrrh and frankincense ; these the senses least,
With all the spicy odours of the east.

'Twas to a garden Jesus went to pray,
In drops of blood a sweating Saviour lay ;
So pounded plants diffuse their rich perfumes,
And wounded trees sweat aromatic gums.
To wean us from the world's milkless breast,
And prove its pride and pageantry all jest ;
Christ bids us to a blow of flowers repair,
And view the lilies in their vernal air ;
Their raiment never can wear out of mode,
Still smiling in the livery of a God :
Insulting kings of clay with crowned heads,
The weavers vassals wrapt in greasy threads.

A dying Jesus at his latest hour,
Painted his suff'rings on the passion-flower.

Kings sick of painful pomp, and regal strife,
Threw down their scepters for the pruning knife ;
Parties at court from an intestine war,
Killing in camps, and wranglings at the bar.
The merchant smuggles, and the tradesman lies ;
Pulpits are crush'd with weight of heresies ;
Of love and concord gard'ners are possess'd,
They're solar plants within the gard'ner's breast.
The holy hermit safely shelters there,
And vocal makes the cyprus-grove with pray'r,
And holy virgins, to a God resign'd,
In prayer and plants immortal pleasures find ;
In rich embroideries, copy o'er the flowers,
And make their needles praise the divine powers.
Parent of vig'rous age, and grave of care,
Sweet solitude and sacred silence there,
Nurse to devotion ; therefore every day,
The gard'ner, who hath grace, will humbly pray,
" O tree of life, O plant of high renown,
" On gard'ners pour thy heav'nly influence down,
" Bliss thou our seeds, our seasons, and our soil,
" We'll praise thee by our philosophic toil."

The MILLER Cuckolded.

NOW lend your lugs, ye benders fine,
Wha ken the benefit of wine;
And you wha laughing scud brown ale,
Leave jinks a wee, and hear a tale.

An honest miller won'd in Fife,
That had a young and wanton wife,
Who sometimes thol'd the parish priest
To make her man a twa borned beast:
He paid right mony visits till her;
And to keep in wi' Hab the miller,
Endeavour'd aft to make him happy,
Where-e'er he kend the ale was nappy;
Sic condescension in a pastor,
Knit Halbert's love to him the faster;
And by his converse, troth, 'tis true,
Hab learn'd to preach when he was fow.
Thus all the three were wonder pleas'd,
The wife well serv'd, the man well eas'd.
This grund his corns, and that did cherish
Himself with dining round the parish.
Bess, the good wife, thought it nae skaith,
Since she was able to serve baith.

When equal is the night and day,
And Ceres gives the schools the play;
A youth sprung from a gentle pater,
Bred at St. Andrew's *alma mater*,
Ae day gaun hameward, it fell late,
And him benighted by the gate:
To lie without, pit-mirk did shore him,
He cou'd na see his thumb before him:
But clack,—clack,—clack, he heard a mill,
Whilk led him by the lugs theretill;
To take the thread of tale along,
This mill to Halbert did belang;
Not less this note your notice claims,
The scholar's name was master James.

Now, smiling muse, the prelude's past,
Smoothly relate a tale shall last,

As lang as Alps and Grampian hills,
As lang as wind or water-mills.

In entered James : Hab saw and kend him,
And offer'd kindly to befriend him,
With sic good cheer as he could make,
Baith for his ain and master's sake.

The scholar thought himself right sped,
And gave him thanks in terms well bred :
Quoth Hab, I canna leave my mill

As yet; but step ye west the kill
A bow-shot, and ye'll find my hame ;
Gae warm ye, and crack with our dame,
Till I fet aff the mill, then we
Shall tak what Bessie has to gi'e.

James in return, what's handsome said,
O'er lang to tell ; and aff he gade.

Out of the house some light did shine,
Which led him till't as with a line :
Arriv'd, he knock'd ; for doors were steekit,
Straight through a window Bessy keekit,
And cry'd, " Wha's that gi'es fowk a fright,
" At sic untimeous time of night ?"

James with good humour, maist discreetly,
Tauld her his circumstance compleatly.

" I dinna ken ye, quoth the wife,
" And up and down the thieves are rise ;
" Within my lane, I'm but a woman,
" Sae I'll unbar my door to nae man ;
" But since 'tis very like, my dow,
" That a' you're telling may be true,
" Hae, there's a key, gang in your way,
" At the neist door, there's bra' ait strae ;
" Streek down upon't, my lad, and learn,
" They're no ill lodg'd that get a barn."

Thus after meikle clitter clatter,
James fand he cou'd na mend the matter ;
And since it might na better be,
With resignation took the key,
Unlock'd the barn,—clam up the mow,
Where was an opening near the how,

Thro'

Thro' whilk he saw a glent of light,
 That gave diversion to his sight;
 By this he quickly cou'd discern,
 A thin wa' separate house and barn,
 And thro' this rive was in the wa',
 All done within the house he saw;
 He saw (what ought not to be seen,
 And scarce gav' credit to his e'en)
 The parish priest, of reverend fame,
 In active courtship with the dame.
 To lengthen out description here,
 Wou'd but offend the modest ear,
 And beet the lewder youthfu' flame,
 That we by satyr strive to tame.
 Suppose the wicked action o'er,
 And James continuing still to glowr;
 Wha saw the wife, as fast as able,
 Spread a clean servet on the table,
 Frae the ha' ingle syne bring ben
 A pyping het young roasted hen,
 And twa good bottles, stout and clear,
 Ane of strong ale, and ane of beer.

But, wicked luck! just as the priest
 Shot in his fork in chucky's breast,
 Th' unwelcome miller ga'e a roar,
 Cry'd, Bessy, haste ye, ope the door:—
 With that the haly lecher fled,
 And darn'd himself behind a bed;
 While Bessy huddl'd a' things by,
 That nought the cuckold might espy,
 Syne loot him in;—but out of tune,
 Speer'd why he left the mill sae soon.
 I come, said he, as manners claims,
 To crack and wait on master James,
 Whilk I should do, tho' ne'er so bissy;
 I sent him here, goodwife, where is he?
 "Ye sent him here!" quoth Bessy, grumbling;
 "Kend I this James? a chiel came rumbling:
 "But how was I assur'd when dark,
 "That he had been nae thievish spark?"

" Or some rude wench gotten a dose,
 " That a weak wife could ill oppose?"
 And what came o' him? speak nae langer,
 Cries Halbert, in a highland anger.
 " I sent him to the barn," quo' she,
 " Gae quickly bring him in " quoth he.
 James was brought in;—the wife was bawk'd;
 The priest stood closs;—the miller crack'd:—
 Then ask'd his sunken gloomy spouse,
 What supper had she in the house,
 That might be suitable to gi'e
 Ane of their lodger's quality?
 Quoth she, " Ye may well ken, goodman,
 " Your feast comes frae the pottage pan :
 " The stov'd and roasted we afford,
 " Are aft great strangers on our board."
 Pottage, quoth Hab, ye senseless tawpy!
 Think ye this youth's a gilly-gawpy,
 And that his gentle stomach's master,
 To worry up a pint of plaister,
 Like our mill knaves that lift the laiding,
 Whase kites can streek out like raw plaiding?
 Swithe! roast a hen, or fry some chickens,
 And send for ale to Maggy Pickens.
 " Hout I, quoth she, ye may well ken,
 " 'Tis ill brought but that's nae the ben;
 " When but last owk, nae farther gane,
 " The laird got all to pay his kain."
 Then James wha had as good a guess,
 Of what was in the house as Bess,
 With pauky smile, this plea to end,
 To please himself, and ease his friend;
 First open'd with a flee oration,
 His wond'rous skill in conjuration.
 Said he, " By this fell art I'm able,
 " To whop aff any great man's table,
 " What e'er I like to make a mail of,
 " Either in part, or yet the hail of;
 " And if you please, I'll shaw my art."——
 Cries Halbert, " Faith, with all my heart."

Bess sain'd herself, — cry'd, Lord, be here !

And near hand fell a-swoon for fear :

James leugh, and bade her naithing dread,

Syne to his conjuring went with speed ;

And first he drew a circle round,

Then utter'd mony a magic sound,

Of words part Latin, Greek and Dutch,

Enough to fright a very witch :

That done, he says, now, now 'tis come,

And in the boal beside the lum :

Now set the board ; goodwife gae ben,

Bring frae yon boal a roasted hen.

She wadna gang, but Haby ventur'd,

And soon as he the ambrie enter'd,

It smell'd sae well, he short time sought it,

And wond'ring, 'tween his hands he brought it ;

Syne with a gentle touch he felt it ;

With eyes he gaz'd, with nose he smelt it :

Thus ilka sence he did convey,

Lest glamour had beguil'd his een ;

They all in an united body,

Declar'd it a fine fat how-towdy.

Nae mair about it, quoth the miller,

The fowl looks well, and we'll fa' till her ;

Sae be't, says James : and in a doup,

They snapt her up baith stoup and roup.

Neist, O cries Halbert, " Cou'd your skill

" But help us to a waught of ale,

" I'd be oblig'd t'ye a' my life,

" And offer to the de'il my wife,

" To see if he'll discreeter make her,

" But that I'm fear'd he winna take her."

Said James, " Ye offer very fair,

" The bargain's hadden, say nae mair."

Then thrice he shook a willow wand,

With kitule words thrice gave command ;

That done, with look both learn'd and grave,

Said, " Now ye'll get what ye would have :

" Two bottles of as nappy liquor,

" As ever ream'd in horn or bicker :

" Be-

" Behind the ark that hads your meal,
 " Ye'll find twa standing corked well."
 He said, and fast the miller flew,
 And frae their nest the bottles drew;
 Then first the scholars health he toasted,
 Whase art had gar'd him feed on roasted,
 His father's neist; ———— and a' the rest
 Of his good friends that wish'd him best,
 Which were o'er langsome at the time,
 In a short tale to put in rhyme.

Thus while the miller and the youth,
 Were blythly flock'ning of their drouth,
 Bess fretting, scarcely held frae greeting,
 The priest enclos'd stood vext and sweating.

" O wow ! said Hab, if ane might speer,
 " Dear master James, wha brought our cheer ?
 " Sic laits appear to us sae awfu',
 " We hardly think your learning lawfu'."

To bring your doubts to a conclusion,
 Says James, " Ken I'm a Rosiecrucian,
 " Ane of the sect that never carries
 " On traffic with black deils or fairies;
 " There's mony a sp'rit that's nae a deil,
 " That constantly around us wheel.
 " There was a sage call'd Albumazor,
 " Whase wit was gleg as ony razor,
 " Frae this great man we learn'd the skill,
 " To bring these gentry to our will,
 " And they appear, when we've a mind,
 " In ony shape of human kind:
 " Now, if you'll drap your foolish fear,
 " I'll gar my Pacolet appear."

Hab sidg'd, and leugh, his elbow clew,
 Baith fear'd and fond a sp'rit to view;
 At last his courage wan the day,
 He to the scholar's will gave way.

Bessy by this began to smell
 A rat; but kept her mind to'r sell;
 She pray'd like howdy in her drink,
 But mean time tip'd young James a wink;

James

He's been a rare reforming blade,
Cobbling the church;
But now he's got the shool and spade,
Left in the lurch.
Limmers and lairds he'll nae mair chafe,
Nae mair we'll see his pauky face
Keek thro' close-heads, to catch a brace
Of waping mortis,
Play bogle-bo, a bonny chafe,
About the ports.
In turnpike fits he darn'd himsell,
At jowing of the ten-hour bell,
Till he on some free-traders fell,
Bra' whoring blades;
Fleg'd them and girn'd, look'd four and fell,
Like knave of spades.
Of traders he kept ay a list,
That nightly to his mill brought grist,
Soon he abstracted multures mist,
That wrang'd his trade:
Wi' which he fill'd his awn meal kist,
But now he's dead.
Aft has he lain on castle-brae
In moon-light, till his cheeks turn'd blae,
To ken where whores and bawds did gae,
Haf drunk, haf daft;
He needed na auld wives to spaee,
He kend his craft.
He threw his cloak about his gab,
Fidging as gin he had the scab;
And bravely follow'd a fat dab,
Wi' little din;
And when the bed began to bab,
Syne Rob came in.
Said, graceless bairns, and are ye yoked,
Think na the kirk will thus be mocked;
Tell me, young laird, what's in your pocket,
Red-headed lads,
-Yonkiers like you shou'd be well stocked,
Meddles wi' bawds.

Wi' bricks amang his feet, young laird
Cry'd, Robin, dinna bring the guard,
Ha'e, there's ten crowns, all can be spar'd

Upon my saul,

In faith, I think 'tis e'en ill war'd

And 'tis my all.

Rob harked in the young laird's lug,
Gae to my house, we'll drink a mug,
May be I'll let you take a rug

Of caller quean.

Yon slut smells like a doctor's drug,

But mine's fou clean.

Big as the great Mogul, when din'd,
He walk'd, and John Dalgliesh behind,
To his seraglio in Leith-wynd,

To take review ;

The lass that was maist blyth and kind,

John kifs'd her mou.

Sculdudry-fowk may now sing dool,
And steep their graith in a cald pool ;
Wha now will save them frae the stool

In time of need ?

Rob. Forbes was a ready tool,

But now he's dead.

Though mony ill-sar'd names we ca'd him,
His maik was ne'er sin' days of Adam,
Gie him the lure, whate'er ye bade him,

He would obey ;

Ye might ha' lien with mare or madam,

Baith night and day.

Wha now will our by-blows provide,
And frae our wives adulteries hide ?

Rob. Forbes was a skillful guide,

Ca'd them his petts ;

Now we will hae a thrang fire side,

Wi' ill-got gaits.

Sae soon as Robin's loof was greas'd,
What creature wad na been well pleas'd,
To see how he the brats baptiz'd,

Like ony priest !

syne he upon the caddel feiz'd,

A bonny feast.

Proud was the carle, when he went throw

The landward towns, as grave's a Jew,

To see the gaitlings binge and bow,

And cry, Pappa,

Wow! but he made a devilish mou,

And fain'd them a'.

Frae a' kirk-fowk he bure the gree,

Half midwife, nurse, and priest, a' three,

He neither curs'd nor bann'd, not he,

But was fae civil,

The live lang day wad cheat and lie,

Like any devil.

Auld wives wi' rocks came to the doors,

And yonkiers peep'd through holes and bores,

To see the captain of the whores,

Auld Frig-a-bight,

Coming to pay his quarter scores,

A seemly fight !

Although he play'd the pimp a' week,

On Sundays he look'd mild and meek :

For scarcely wad ye hear him speak

Aboon his breath :

Upon his hand he laid his cheek,

Like ane near death:

On the cap-ambrie cuist his eye,

That he might fornicators spy,

And muttering to himſelf, ſaid fy,

O dool and care !

Might not the man have come to me,

And no flood there?

But yet before the text was read,

Good Robin frae the kirk was fled,

His prayers to say at barrel-head,

Drinking alone ;

Red as a turkey-cock the blade

Came back again.

We loo'd to see his Judas-face,

Repeating preachings, saying grace,

Unto the tune of Chevy-chase,
 Shaking his head ;
 Wha will we get to fill his place ?
 For now he's dead.

HIS EPI T A P H.

Here all alone,
 Beneath this stone,
 Our rare reformer bides ;
 Who pick'd up crowns
 By tirling lowns,
 He scarcely left their hides.
 Ask not at all,
 Where went his soul ?
 The question's scarcely civil ;
 Since 'tis well kend,
 Ill life must end
 In going to the devil.

On the Downfal of THOMAS BUT- TER's Nose in the Month of JUNE.

TOM was sae subtile, and sae fu' o' greed,
 Nae man could lick the butter aff his bread ;
 But pox on harlot-women, his disgrace,
 They lick'd a nose of Butter aff his face.
 It did na' take lang time to this mishap,
 No, no, the bitches did it in a CLAP.
 Who devil took this nose that came away ?
 Not God !—for he made noses all of clay ?
 And clay grows harder by the summer sun ;
 But Butter-noses must melt down in JUNE.

On the SIGN of the THREE KINGS.

LONG have we had two kings, I do assure ye,
 A George *de facto*, and a James *de jure* :
 But here's surprising news ; a brave M'Ghie
 Turns parliament himself, and gives us three :

None

None of them all resemble George or James.
 O, King Creator! will you tell their names?
 We do not know by gazing on their face,
 If Norman, German, or Fergusian race:
 Yet, when we think upon't, we learn the story;
 The sign speaks truth by way of allegory.
 Three kings expos'd to sale! ye've plac'd them there
 To show we Scots sell kings like merchant-ware.
 Three kings were basely sold for English coin,
 One at Dunbar, another at the Boyn;
 The third at Sheriff-muir, a fatal day,
 When Mar mar'd all, and Huntly ran away.
 Buy up the rogues that sold our antient nation;
 You'll have the best stock'd shop in all the nation;
 And when 'tis known such hellish wares you sell,
 The d—l will pay the price, and take them all to hell.

A POEM on the SIGN of the MERMAID.

GEORDIE.

WHA's dainty bairn are ye, my winsome dear,
 With apple-cheeks, and wame like ony pear?

Jamie. May be 'tis nae good manners for to speir.

Geo. And bony bobbies, wi' your nut brown hair,
 And a' your sides, and a' your shoulders bare:
 War ye some aulder ye'd be worth a pelt.

Jam. Ah! Geordie man, she's fish beneath the belt:
 She'll nae get leave to live, she's e'en fae frail,
 The lads will suck her lips and eat her tail.

Geo. Whish't, billy, haith she'll put us in the guard,
 'Tis no the first of twenty's been fae fair'd;
 She wad nae take sic traitment frae a laird.
 I find she's ta'en the pet, she will nae speak,
 She's blushing now, glowr on her rosie cheek.

Jam. Mistress, I beg your pardon wi' bare head,
 We country folk are no like gentles bred.

Geo. She's e'en the greatest ferly e'er I saw,
 The d—l a leg has she, and we ha' twa;
 I wonder how she gangs unto the kirk,
 Or how she keeps her feet when it grows mirk!

Jam. Feet ! send a fit she has, but twa sweet hands
Whiter than curds, and tight like willy-wands ;
They need nae feet that's carried in sedans ;
Geordie, how does she pish I canna learn,
I'm sure she'll be an unco cleanly bairn.

Geo. Daft gouk, great folks bairns is nae like ours,
Kakying their coats, and clarting a' the doors :
They spit their tea and croudie at their mouth,
That gars them be of sic a feckless growth.
How she'll be got with bairn I marvel more,
Her belly's big enough, but wants a door :
Perhaps the dunnawassels hae nae bungs,
But like the doves they gender by the tongues.

Jam. If they spew weans at their mouth like croudie,
I think they need not fash to fetch the houldie.

Geo. Ha ha, boy, I can tell you e'er I pish,
The thing that makes the lass's a—e a' fish ;
Her minny and her dade has Papists been,
And got the fleshy part on Fasten's e'en ;
And when the beef and a' the brose was spent,
They fed on fish and got the lass in lent.

Jam. As I maun answer, Geordie, ye ding a',
Ye should na been a herd, but man o' law,
Farewel bra' bairn, I hae nae mair to say,
But when a' flesh rise at the judgment day,
Only the half of you will flie away.

Petition of the Shoe-maker Apprentices.

*TO the worshipful cordiners of the West-port,
A humble petition is offer'd in court,
By 'prentice-boys, who would fain take a drink,
Be blyth, like their masters, but want ready clink.*

YE songs of old Crispin, a saint and a king,
When taking your bottle and eating your ling, *
All merry like Grecks o'er a pint and a gill,
With the best of good fellows, honest old deacon Hill ;
Remember that we are the same flesh and blood,
Though we have not a bit, and are chewing our cud ;

For

* *Their entertainment was dry'd ling.*

For though we are young and raw-mouth'd beginners,
 We may live like yourselves to be old rotten sinners;
 On this solemn occasion when chusing your deacon,
 You'll generous prove the apprentices reckon;
 For on a feast day we resolve not to fast,
 Tho' we should pawn our awl and venture our last;
 When lads of the trade in company mingle,
 Can they bend-leather chew, or lick a cold lingle;
 So we pray and expect, like kind-hearted men,
 You'll send us a hearty charity ben;
 And we shall all pray, while our judgment abides,
 May you never wear horns, and never want hides.

On a poor FRENCHMAN who died of joy on
 hearing he was entitled to a prize of a 1000
 livres.

HERE lies a man, a happy man was he,
 Whose lamp of life shone bright till seventy-three,
 In poverty and peace, till old age came;
 But silver snuffers stifled out the flame:
 He liv'd on herbs and other wholesome vivers,
 But dy'd by dining on a thousand livres;
 An extasy of joy destroy'd his breath;
 For wordly joy hath always in it death.

To a Lady on her discovering a Spring.

FAIREST and finest of the female kind,
 A beauteous body with an angel's mind,
 Struck with your charms we reverently bow,
 And nature pays her homage unto you.
 Whilst through your fields last evening you did move,
 I saw the fond expressions of their love:
 The herbage smil'd, and in dumb language spoke,
 Whilst water bubbl'd from the flinty rock;
 Nature's strong nerves did with fresh vigour swell,
 Her blood gush'd forth and form'd into a well;
 The fruits and flowers put on a brighter bloom,
 Your country-seat did paradise become;

Which

Which doth with Eden in all things agree,
But that its lady will not tempted be.

ON PROVIDENCE.

ARE not the ravens fed, great God, by thee?
And wilt thou clothe the lilies, and not me?
I'll ne'er distrust my God for cloaths and bread,
Whilst lilies flourish, and the ravens feed.

HARDYKNUTE, a Fragment.

STATELY slept he east the wa',
And stately slept he west,
Full seventy ziers he now had sene,
With scarce seven ziers of rest.
He livit quhen Britons breach of faith
Wrought Scotland meikle wae:
And ay his sword tauld, to their cost,
He was their deidly fae.
2 Hie on a hill his castle stude,
With halls and towirs a-bicht,
And guidly chambers fair to see,
Quhair he lodgit mony a knicht.
His dame sae pierless anes and fair,
For chaste and bewtie deimt,
Nae marrow had in all the land,
Saif Elenor the queen.
3 Full thirteen sons to him scho bare,
All men of valour stout;
In bludy ficht with sword in hand
Nyne lost their lives bot doubt;
Four zit remain, lang may they live
To stand by liege and land:
Hie was their fame, hie was their micht,
And hie was their command.
4 Great luvie they bare to Fairly fair,
Their sister fast and deir;
Her girdle shaw'd her middle jimp,
And gowden glist her hair.

Quhat

- What wae fow wae her bewtie bred?
 Wae fow to zoung and auld,
 Wae fow I trow to kyth and kin,
 As story ever tauld.
 5 The king of Norse, in summer tyde,
 Puft up with powir and might,
 Landed in fair Scotland's yle
 With mony a hardy knight:
 The tydings to our gude Scots king
 Came, as he sat at dyne,
 With noble chiefs in brais' array,
 Drinking the blude-reid wine.
 6 To horse, to horse, my royal liege,
 Zour faes stand on the strand.
 Full twenty thousand glittering spears,
 The king of Norse commands.
 Bring me my steed Mage dapple gray,
 Our gude king raise and cry'd,
 A trustier beast in all the land,
 A Scots king nevir sey'd.
 7 Go, little page, tell Hardyknute,
 That lives on hill so hie,
 To draw his sword, the dreid of faes,
 And haste and follow me.
 The little page flew swift as dart
 Flung by the master's arm,
 Cum down, cum down lord Hardyknute,
 And rid zour king frae harm.
 8 Then reid, reid grew his dark brown cheiks,
 Sae did his dark brown brow;
 His luiks grew kene, as they were wont
 In dangers great to do;
 He hes tane a horn as grene as grass,
 And gien five sounds sae shrill,
 That trees in grene wood schuke thereat,
 Sae loud rang ilka hill.
 9 His sons in manly sport and glee
 Had past that summers morn,
 Quhen low down in a grassy dale,
 They heard their fatheris horn.

That

That horn, quod they, neir sounds in peace,
We haif other sport to byde;

And sune they hey'd them up the hill,
And sune were at his syde.

10 Late, late zeffrene, I ween'd in peace
To end my lengthen'd lyfe,

My age micht weil excuse my arm-
Frae manly feats of stryfe;

But now that Norse does proudly boast,
Fair Scotland to inthrall,

It's ne'er be said of Hardyknute,
He fear'd to fight or fall.

11 Robin of Rothsay, bend thy bow,
Thy arrows schute sae leil,

Mony a comely countenance
They've turn'd to deidly pale:

Brade Thomas, tak ze but zour lance,
Ze need nae weapons mair,

Gif ze ficht weir as ze did anes
'Gainst Westmorland's ferse heir.

12 Malcom, licht of foot as stag,
That runs in forrest wyld,

Get me my thousands three of men,
Well bred to sword and schield:

Bring me my horse and harnisine,
My blade of mettle cleir:

If faes kend but the hand it bare,
They sune had fled for feir.

13 Fareweil, my dame, sae peirless gude,
And tuke her by the hand,

Fairer to me in age zou seim,
Than maids for bewtie fam'd:

My zoungest son fall here remain,
To guard these stately towirs,

And shut the silver bolt that keips
Sae fast your painted bowirs.

14 And first scho wet her comely chieks,
And then her boddice grene,

Her silken cords of twirle twist,
Weil plett with silver schene;

And

And apron set with mony a dice
Of neidle-wark fae rare,

Wove by nae hand, as ze may gues,;
Saif that of Fairly fair.

15 And he has ridden owre muir and moss,
Owre hills and mony a glen,

Quhen he cam to a wounded knight,
Making a heavy mane;

Here maun I lye, here maun I die,
By treachery's false gyles;

Witless I was that eir gaif faith
To wicked woman's smyles.

16 Sir knight, gin ze were in my bowir,
To lean on silken seat,

My Ladyis kyndlie care zoud prove,
Quha neir kend deadly hate;

Her self-wald watch ze all the day,
Her maids at deid of nicht;

And Fairly fair zour heart wald cheir,
As scho stude in your sicht.

17 Aryse zounge knight, and mount your steid,
Full lown's the shynand day,

Cheis frae my menzie quhom ze pleis
To leid ze on the way.

With smyleless luke, and visage wan,
The wounded knight reply'd,

Kynd chiftain, zour intent pursue,
For heir I maun abide.

18 To me nae after day nor nicht,
Can eir be sweit or fair,

But sune beneath some draping tree,
Cauld death fall end my care.

With him nae pleiding micht prevail;
Brave Hardyknute to gain

With fairest words and reason strong,
Strave courteously in vain.

19 Syne he has gane far hynd attowre,
Lord Chattans land fae wyde,

That lord a worthy wicht was ay,
Quhen faes his courage sey'd;

- Of Pictish race by mother's syde,
 When Picts rul'd Caledon,
 Lord Chattan claim'd the princely maid,
 Quhen he saist Pictish crown.
- 20 Now with his ferse and stalwart train,
 He reicht a rysing heicht,
 Quhair braid encampit on the dale,
 Norse menzie lay in sicht;
 Zonder, my valiant sons and ferfs,
 Our raging revers wait,
 On the unconquerit Seottish swaird,
 To try with us their fate.
- 21 Make orisons to him that saist
 Our fauls upon the rude,
 Syne braisly schaw zour veins are fill'd
 With Caledonian blude.
 Then furth he drew his trusty glaive,
 Quhyle thousands all around,
 Drawn frae their sheaths glanst in the sun,
 And loud the bougills sound.
- 22 To join his king adoun the hill
 In haste his march he made,
 Quhyle playand Pibrochs, minstrels meit
 Afore him stately strade.
 Thyse welcome valziant stoup of weir,
 Thy nation's scheild and pryde;
 Thy king nae reason has to feir
 Quhen thou art be his syde.
- 23 Quhen bows were bent, and darts were thrawn,
 For thrang scarce could they flie,
 The darts clove arrows as they met,
 The arrows dart the trie.
 Lang did they rage and sicht full ferfs,
 With little skaith to man,
 But bludy, bludy was the field,
 Or that lang day was done.
- 24 The king of Scots, that sindle bruik'd
 The war that look'd like play,
 Drew his braid sword, and brak his bow,
 Sen bows seimt but delay.

- Quoth noble Rothsay, Myne I'll keip,
 I wate its bleid a skore.
 Haste up my merry men, cry'd the king,
 As he rade on before.
- 25 The king of Norfe he socht to find,
 With him to menfe the faucht,
 But on his forehead there did licht
 A sharp unsonfie shaft;
 As he his hand put up to find
 The wound, an arrow kene,
 O waefou chance! there pin'd his hand
 In midft betwene his ene.
- 26 Revenge, revenge, cry'd Rothsay's heir,
 Your mail coat fall nocht byde
 The strength and sharpness of my dart;
 Then sent it through his syde:
 Another arrow weil he mark'd,
 It perfit his neck in twa.
 His hands then quat the silver reins,
 He law as eard did fa.
- 27 Sair bleids my liege, fair, fair he bleids.
 Again with might he drew,
 And gesture dreid, his sturdy bow;
 Fast the braid arrow flew:
 Wae to the knight he etled at,
 Lament now queen Elgreid,
 Hie dames to wail zour darling's fall,
 His zouth and comely meid.
- 28 Take aff, take aff his costly jupe,
 (Of gold weil was it rwynd,
 Knit lyke a fowler's net, through quhilke
 His steilly harness shynd)
 Take, Norfe, that gift frae me, and bid
 Him 'venge the blude it bears;
 Say, if he face my bended bow
 He sure nae weapon feirs.
- 29 Proud Norfe with giant body tall,
 Braid shoulder and arms strong.
 Cry'd, Qubair is Herdykute sae fam'd,
 And feird at Britains throne?

- Tho' Britons tremble at his name,
 I sune fall make him wail,
 That eir my sword was made sae sharp,
 Sae fast his coat of mail.
- 30 That brag his stout heart coud na byde,
 It lent him zouthfou micht :
 I'm Hardykuute ; this day, he cry'd,
 To Scotland's king I hecht,
 To lay thee law as horses hufe,
 My word I mean to keip.
 Syne with the first strake eir he strak,
 He gar'd his body bleid.
- 31 Norse ene lyke gray goshawk's stair'd wyld,
 He sicht with shame and spyt ;
 Disgrac'd is now my far sam'd arm
 That left thee power to strike :
 Then gaif his head a blaw sae fell,
 It made him down to stoup,
 As law as he to ladies usit
 In courtly gyse to lout.
- 32 Full sune he rais'd his bent body,
 His bow he marvell'd fair,
 Sen blaws till then on him but darr'd
 As touch of Fairly fair :
 Norse ferliet too as fair as he
 To see his stately luke.
 Sae sune as eir he strake a sae,
 Sae sune his life he tuke.
- 33 Quhair, lyke a fyre to hether set,
 Bauld Thomas did advance,
 A sturdy sae with luke enrag'd
 Up towards him did prance ;
 He spur'd his stead throw thickest ranks
 The hardy zouth to quell,
 Quha stood unmuvit at his approach,
 His fury to repell.
- 34 That schort brown shaft sae meanly trim'd,
 Luiks lyke poor Scotland's geir,
 But dreidful seims the rusty point !
 And loud he leuch in jeir.

Aft Britains blude has dim'd its shyne
 This poynt cut short their vaunt ;
 Syne pierc'd the boisteris bearded cheik,
 Nae tyme he took to taunt.
 35 Schort quhyle he in his faidle swang;
 His stirrip was nae stay,
 Sae feible hang his unbent knee,
 Sure taken he was fey :
 Swift on the hardood clay he feil;
 Right far was hard the thud ;
 But Thomas luik't not as he lay
 All waltering in his blude.
 36 With carless gesture, mynd unmuvit,
 On raid he north the plain,
 He seimt in thrang of fiercest stryfe,
 Quhen winner ay the same ;
 Nor zit his heart dames dimpelit cheik,
 Coud meise fast luv'e to bruik,
 Till vengeful Ann return'd his scorn,
 Then languid grew his look.
 37 In thraws of death, with wallowit cheik,
 All panting on the plain,
 The fainting corps of warriors lay,
 Neir to aryse again ;
 Neir to return to native land,
 Nae mair with blythsome sounds,
 To boist the glories of the day,
 And schaw their shyning wounds.
 38 On Norways coast the widowit dame
 May wash the rocks with teirs,
 May lang luke o'er the schiplefs seis
 Before her mate appeirs.
 Ceise, Emma, ceise to hope in vain,
 Thy Lord lies in the clay,
 The valiant SCOTS nae revers thole
 To carry life away.
 39 There on a lee quhair stands a cross,
 Set up for monument,
 Thousands fell ferse that summers day
 Fill'd kene waris black intent.

Let Scots, quhyle Scots, praise Hardyknute,
 Let Norse the name ay dreid,
 Ay how he faucht, aft how he spair'd,
 Sall latest ages reid.

40 Full loud and chill blew weflin wind,
 Sair beat the heavy showir,
 Mirk grew the nicht eir Hardyknute
 Wan neir his statety towir;
 His towir that us'd with torches bleise
 To shyne sae far at nicht,
 Seim'd now as black as mourning weid,
 Nae maryel sair he sicht.

41 Thair's nae licht in my lady's bowir,
 Thair's nae licht in my hall:
 Nae blink thynes round my Fairly fair,
 Nor ward stands on my wall.
 Quhat bodes it? Robert, Thomas say,
 Nae answer fits their dreid.

Stand back, my sons, I'll be zour gyde,
 But by they past with speid.

42 As fast I've sped owre Scotland's faes,—
 Their ceill his brag of weir,
 Sair schamit to myn' ocht but his dame,
 And maiden Fairly fair,
 Black feir he felt, but what to feir,
 He wist not yet with dreid;
 Sair schuke his body, sair his limbs,
 And all the warrior fled.

* * * * *

POLEMO-MIDDINIA,

Inter * Vitarvam et † Nebernarn.

NYMPHÆ, quae colitis highissima monta Fifea,
 Seu vos Pittenweema tenent, seu Crelia trosta,
 Sive Anstræa domus, ubi nat haddocus in undis,
 Codlineusque ingens, ubi fleucca et sketta pererrant
 Per costam et scopulos, lobster monifootos in udis

Creepat,

* *The Lady Scotstarvet.* † *The Lady Newbarns.*

Creepat, et in mediis ludit whitenius undis :
 Et vos skipperii, soliti qui per mare breddum
 Valde procul lanchare foras, iterumque redire,
 Linquite skellatas bottas, shippasque picatas,
 Whistlantesque simul fechtam memorate bloodeam,
 Fechtam terribilem, quam marvellaverat omnis
 Banda deûm, quoque nympharum cockleshelearum ;
 Maia ubi sheepifeda, et solgoosifera Bassa
 Swellant in pelago, cum Sol bootatus Edinum
 Postabat radiis maddidis et shouribus atris,
 * * * * *

Quo viso, ad fechtæ noisam cecidere volucres ;
 At terram cecidere grues, plish plashque dedere
 Solgoosæ in pelago prope littora Brunteliana ;
 Seasutor obstupuit, summique in margine saxi
 Scartavit prælustre caput, wingasque flappavit.
 Quodque magis, altè volitans heronius ipse
 Ingeminans clig clag mediis shitavit in undis.

Namque à principio storiâ tellabimus omnem.
 Muckreiliûm ingentem turbam Vitarva per agros
 Nebernæ marchare fecit, et dixit ad illos,
 Ite hodie armati greppis, drivate caballos
 Nebernæ per crosta, atque ipsas ante fenestras.
 Quòd si fortè ipsa Neberna venerit extrâ,
 Warrantabo omnes, et vos bene defendebo.

Hic aderant Geordy Aikenheadus, et Rob Littlejohnus,
 Et Jamy Richæus, et stout Michael Hendersonus,
 Qui gillitrips ante alios dansare solebat,
 Et bobbare bene, et lassas kissare bonæas ;
 Duncan Oliphantus, valde stalvartus, et ejus
 Filius eldestus, jolyboyus atque oldmoudus,
 Qui pleugham longo gado drivare solebat,
 Et RobGib, wantonus homo, atque Oliver Hutchin (sitkin,
 Et plouky-fac'd Watty Strang, atque inkneed Alshinder
 Et Willy Dick, heavy arstus homo, pigerrimus omnium,
 Qui tulit in pileo magnum rubrumque favorem,
 Valde lethus pugnare ; sed hunc Corngrevious heros
 Noutheadum vocavit, atque illum forcit ad arma.
 Insuper hic aderant Tom Taylor, et Henry Watsonus,
 Et Tomy Gilchristus, et fool Jocky Robinsonus,

Andrew Alshenderus, et Jamy Tomsonus, et unus
Norland-bornus homo, valde valde anticovenanter,
Nomine Gordonus, valde blackmoudus, et alter
(De'il stick it ! ignoro nomen) slavry-beardius homo,
Qui pottas dightavit, et affas jecerat extrà.

Denique per reliquis Geordæum affatur, et inquit,
Geordi mi formanne, inter stoutissimus omnes,
Huc ades, et crooksaddelos, hemmasque, crelesque,
Brechemmesque simul omnes bindato jumentis,
Amblentemque meum naggum, fattumque mariti
Cursorem, et reliquos trottantes sumito averos :
In cartis yokkato omnes : extrahito muckam
Crosta per et riggas, atque ipsas ante fenestras
Nebernæ ; et aliquid sin ipsa contra loquatur,
In sydas tu pone manus, et dicito *Farte jade*.

Nec mora, formannus cunctos flankavit averos,
Workmannosque ad workam omnes vocavit, et illi
Extemplo cartas bene sillavere gigantes.

Whistlavere viri, workhorfosque ordine swiros
Drivavere foras, donec iterumque iterumque
Fartavere omnes ; et sic turba horrida muſtrat.
Haud aliter quàm si cum multis Spinola uoupis
Proudus ad Ostendam marchasset fortiter urbem.
Interea ante alios dux Piper Lalius heros
Precedens, magnamque gerens cum burdine pypam,
Incipit Harlaï cunctis sonare battellum.

Tunc Neberna furens yettam ipsa egressa, videnſque
Muck-cartas transire viam ; valde angria facta,
Non tulit affrontam tantam ; verùm, agmine facto,
Convocat extemplo barrowmannos atque ladæos,
Jackmannumque, hiremannos, pleughdrivsters atque
pleughmannos,

Tum'antesque simul reekoso ex kitchine boyos ;
Hunc qui dirtiferas terſit cum diſhcloute diſhas,
Hunc qui gruelias ſcivit bene lickere plettas,
Et ſaltpanniſumos, et widebricatos fiſheros ;
Hellæosque etiam ſalteros duxit ab antris,
Coalheughos nigri girnantes more divelli :
Liſe-guardamque ſibi ſævas vocat improba laſſas,
Maggæam magis doctam milkare cowæas,
Et doctam ſweepare ſlooras, et ſternere beddas,

Quæque novit spinnare, et longas ducere threedas;
 Nanſæam, claves bene quæ keepaverat omnes,
 Yellatemque Elpen, longo berdamque Anapellam,
 Fartatemque ſimul Gýllam, gleidamque Katæam,
 Egregie indutam blacko caput footy clouto;
 Mammæamque ſimul vetulam, quæ ſciverat aptè
 Infantum teneras blandè oſcularier arſas;
 Quæque lanam cardare ſolet greaſy-fingria Betty.

Tum demum hungæos ventres Neberna gruelis
 Farſit, et guttas raſuinibus implet amariſ;
 Poſtea newbarmæ ingentem dedit omnibus hauſtum.
 Staggravere omnes, grandæſque ad ſidera riſtas
 Barmifumi attollunt, et ſic ad prælia marchant.
 Nec mora, marchavit foras longa ordine turma;
 Ipſa prior Neberna ſuis ſtout facta ribaldiſ,
 Ruſſæum manibus geſtans fûribunda gulæum,
 Tandem muckreliſ vocat ad pellmellia flaidoſ:
 Ite, ait, ug'æi fellows, ſi quis modo poſthac
 Muckiſer haſ noſtras tentet croſſare feneftriſ,
 Juro quòd ego ejus longum extrahabo thrapellum,
 Et totam rivabo faciem, luggaſque gulæo hoc
 Ex capite cuttabo ferox. totumque videbo
 Heart-bloodum fluere in terram Sic verba ſinivit.

Obſtupuit Vitarva diu, dirtflaidda; ſed inde
 Couragium accipiens, muckreliſ ordine cunctoſ
 Middine in medio faciem turnare cœgit.

O qualem primo fleuram guſtaſſes in ipſo
 Battelli onſetto! pugnat muckreliuſ heros
 Fortiter, et muckam per poſteriora cadentem
 In crelibuſ ſhoolare ardet. Sic dirta volavit.

O quale hoc hurly-burly fuit, ſi forte vidiffes,
 Pypanteſ arſaſ, et flavo ſanguine breikaſ
 Dripanteſ, hominumque heartaſ at prælia faintaſ!

O qualis ſiry-fary fuit! namque alteri nemo
 Ne vel footbreddum yerdæ yieldare volebat.
 Stout erat ambo-quidem, valdeque hardhearta catervaſ.

Tum verò è media muckdivider proſilit unuſ,
 Gallanteuſ homo, et greppam mintat in ipſam
 Nebernaſ, (quoniam miſerè ſcaldaverat omneſ)
 Dirtavitque totam petticottam guttere thicko,
 Pearlineaſque ejus ſkirtaſ, ſilkamque gownæam,

Vasquineamque rubram mucksherdâ begariavit.
 Et tunc ille fuit valde faintheartas, et ivit
 Valde procul, metuens shottam woundumque profundum.
 Sed nec valde procul fuerat revengia in illum :
 Extemplo Gillæa ferox invasit, et ejus
 In faciem girnavit atrox, et tigrida facta
 Bubblientemque grippans berdâ, sic dixit ad illum :
 Valde domum, filthæ nequam, aut te interficiabo.
 Tunc cum gerculeo magnum fecit Gilly whippum,
 Ingentemque manu sherdâ levavit, et omnem
 Gallantæi hominis gashberdâ besmereavit :
 Sume tibi hoc, inquit, sneefing valde operativum,
 Pro præmio, swingere, tuo : tum denique flaido
 Ingentem Gilly Wamphra dedit, validamque nevellam !
 Ingeminatque iterum, donec bis fecerit ignem
 Ambobus fugere ex oculis. Sic Gylla triumphat.
 Obstupuit bombaizdus homo, backumque repentè
 Turnavit veluti nasus bloodasset, et O fy !
 Ter quater exclamat, et ô quam soedè neefavit !
 Disjuniumque omne evomuit valde hungrius homo,
 Laufavitque suprâ, atque infrâ, miserabile visu :
 Et luggas necko imponens, sic cucurrit absens,
 Non audens gimpare iterum, ne worfa tulisset.

Hæc Neberna videns yellavit turpia verba.
 Et fy fy ! exclamat, prope nunc victoria losta est.
 Nec mora, terribilem fillavit dira canonem,
 Elatisque hippis magno cum murmure fartam
 Barytonam emisit, veluti Monsmeggia cracasset.†
 Tum vero quackarunt hostes, fightamque repentè
 Sumpserunt : retrospexit jackmannus, et ipse
 Sheepheadus metuit sonitumque ictumque buleti.

Quod si King Spanius, Philippus nomine, septem
 Hisce confimiles habuisset forte canones
 Batterare sluissam, Sluissam dingasset in assam.
 Aut si tot magnus Ludovicus fortè dedisset
 Ingentes fartas ad mœnia Montalbana,
 Ipsam continuò townam dingasset in yerdam.
 Exigit Corngrevious, wracco omnia tendere videns,
 Consiliumque meum si non accipitis inquit,
 Pulchras scartabo facies, et vos worriabo.
 Sed needlo per seustram broddatus, inque privatas

Partes stobbatas, greitans, lookansque grievatè
Barlasumle clamat, et dixit, O Deus ! O God !

Quid multis ? sic fraya fuit, sic guisa peracta est,
Una nec interea spillata est droppa crubris.

PRÆLIUM GILLICRANKIANUM. CANTILENA.

I.

GRAHAMIUS notabilis coëgerat Montanos,
Qui clypeis & gladiis fugârunt Anglicanos :
Fugerant Vallicolæ atque Puritani ;
Cacavere Batavi & Cameroniani.

II.

Grahamius mirabilis, fortissimus Alcides,
Cujus regi fuerat intemerata fides ;
Agiles monticolas marte inspiravit,
Et duplicatum numerum hostium profligavit.

III.

Nobilis apparuit fermilodunensis,
Cujus in rebelles stringebatur ensis ;
Nobilis & sanguine, nobilior virtute,
Regi devotissimus intus & in cute.

IV.

Pitcurius heroicus, Hæctor Scoticanus,
Cui mens fidelis fuerat, & invicta manus ;
Capita rebellium is excerebravit ;
Hostes unitissimos ense dissipavit.

V.

Glengarius magnanimus atque bellicosus,
Functus ut Æneas, pro rege animosus ;
Fortis atque sternuus hostes expugnavit,
Sanguine rebellium campos coloravit.

VI.

Surrexerat fideliter Donaldus insulanus,
Pugnaverat viriliter cum copiis Skyanis :
Pater atque filii non dissimulârunt,
Sed pro rege proprio unanimes pugnârunt.

VII.

VII.

MacLeanius, circumdatus tribu martiali,
Semper devinctissimus familiæ regali,
Fortiter pugnaverat more atavorum,
Deinde dissipaverat turmas Batavorum.

VIII.

Strenuus Lochielius, multo Camerone,
Hostes ense peremit, & Abrio pugione;
Istos & intrepidus orco dedicavit:
Impedimenta hostium Blaro reportavit:

IX.

MacNeillius de Bara, Glencous, Keppochanus,
Ballechinus cum fratre, Stuartus Appianus,
Pro Jacobo Septimo fortiter gessere;
Pugiles fortissimi feliciter vicere.

X.

Canonius clarissimus, Gallovidianus,
Acer & indomitus, consilioque sanus;
Ibi dux adfuerat, spectabilis persona,
Nam pro tuenda patria hunc peperit Bellona.

XI.

Dencalidoni dominum spiraverat Gradivus,
Nobilis et juvenis, fortis & activus;
Nam, cum nativum principem exulem audiret,
Redit ex Hungaria, ut regi inserviret.

XII.

Illic & adfuerat Tutor Ranaldorum,
Qui strenuè pugnaverat cum copiis virorum;
Et ipse capitaneus, ætate puerili,
Intentus est ad prælium spiritu virili.

XIII.

Glenmoristonus junior, optimus bellator,
Subito jam factus est, hætenus venator;
Perduelles Whiggeos ut pecora prostravit,
Ense & fulmineo MacKaium fugavit.

XIV.

Regibus & legibus Scotici constantes;
Vos clypeis & gladiis pro principe pugnantes;
Vestra est victoria, vestra est & gloria;
In cantu & historia perpes est memoria.

F I N I S.



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